

THE INTREPID-BEAR ISSUE

Special Issue,

guest ed. Diane di Prima

Bill BISSETT

Paul BLACKBURN

Charlie BORDEN

Ray BREMSER

Kirby DOYLE

Max FINSTEIN

Grant FISHER

David HENDERSON

Anselm HOLLO

Steve JONAS

Robert KELLY

Lewis MAC ADAMS

Angus MAC LISE

Harvey MATUSON

Charles OLSON

Stuart PERKOFF

Janine POMMY-VEGA

Roy SCHUTLHEISS

Gary SNYDER

John THOMAS

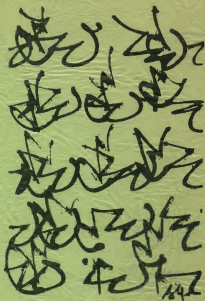
James WARING

John WEINERS

Richard WRIGHT

LaMonte YOUNG

& many OTHERS



INTREPID #20/FLOATING BEAR #38

INTREPID

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INTREPID #20

FLOATING BEAR #38

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AFTERWORD (for the Last Bear)

When texvn is not spirit

(the graph of the moving mind, i.e.
prana—as mind is the body, hara &
spinal cord part of the “thinking”

then it is no more than technology of the poem.

“Etonnez-moi” a far cry from

“The work is for the glory of god
& to grove mankind”

Blood and flesh vs. paper & typewriter keys (measurable breathing—
invisible breath

Both represented here: [12 years represented here]

a desperate energy

a hopeful but woozy faith

(“Think no

twisty

shots” might have been written for

the West Coast;

but the will to know. . . .

It is not less precise & difficult an activity

to visualize Amitabha

than to write a fine stanza

& the aim of both

is self effacement: i.e., the passion(self)

or the god

DOES dissolve

this is no a facet of despair

but the foundation of our hope.

—Diane di Prima

No sap chantar qui so non di

Who cannot hum the tune does not know
 song. If he can't make the words
 dance, how can he find the line?
 Nor does he know how it goes in rhyme
 who has not the feel of it in him.

But my song
 begins this way,
 & the more you hear it the better it gets.

Don't be surprised, I love her yet,
 a lady who'll never see me. Joy
 will come from no other love than her
 I've never seen.

And I don't laugh
 much from any joy, or know
 what good will come of it to me.

Blow of love falls, kills with its stroke;
 prick of love dries up the flesh,
 bad wound, the body shrivels, is
 stretched out under the shock.
 That should not be.

Can't doze, even sleeping light
 my spirit escapes me:
 and my body is mightily angry
 that it is spiritless
 and caught.
 And I wake up —
 all my good savours leave me.

Convinced I'll never have joy of her, nor
 will she enjoy me,
 or ever hold me as lover, or tell me lies,
 give me truth, or make any promises with me.
 But the vers is good,
 I don't miss,

everything in it is good. And let
 him who learns it from me take care
 not to smash it or spoil it in use.
 En Bertrams will have it in Quercy
 & the count in Toulouse,

The vers is Okay.
 They'll have at the feast
 something a man can sing at least.

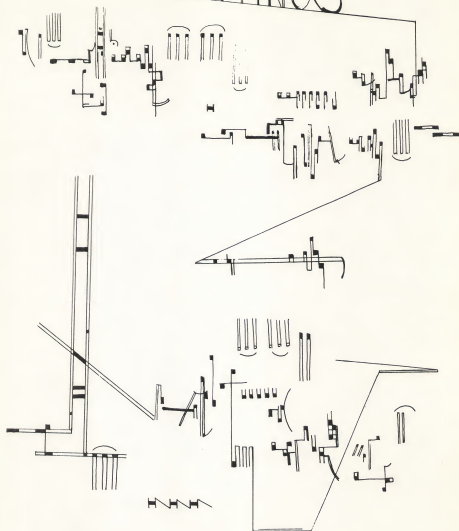
—Jaufre Rudel
 (middle 12th c.)
 tr/ Paul Blackburn

3 COMPOSITIONS

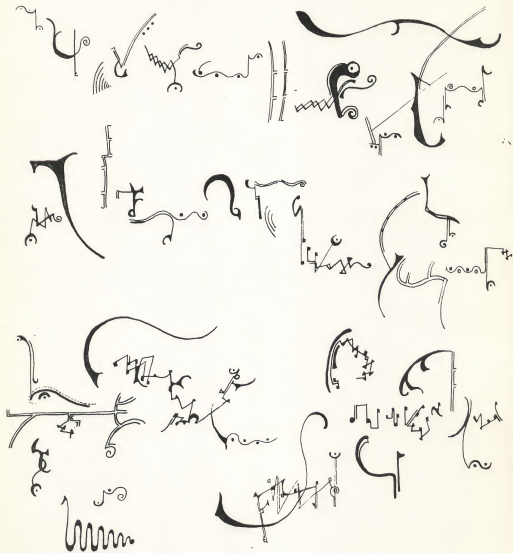
by

Albert Fine

MEMNOS







THE
THEATRE
of
ETERNAL MUSIC

LA MONTE YOUNG
voice drone

TONY
CONRAD violin

4
string
drone

JOHN
CALE

voice drone
MARIAN ZAZEELA
design & stage



THE OBSIDIAN OCELOT, THE SAWMILL, AND THE
BLUE SAWTOOTH HIGH-TENSION LINE STEPDOWN
TRANSFORMER REFRACTING THE LEGEND OF THE
DREAM OF THE TORTOISE TRANSVERSING THE
189/98 LOST ANCESTRAL LAKE REGION
ILLUMINATING QUOTIENTS FROM THE BLACK TIGER
TAPESTRIES OF THE DRONE OF THE HOLY NUMBERS

Welcome to this presentation of Dream Music. We are pleased to be continuing our performance of "The Tortoise, His Dreams and Journeys."

In "The Obsidian Ocelot, The Sawmill, and The Blue Sawtooth High-Tension Line Stepdown Transformer Refracting The Legend of The Dream of The Tortoise Traversing The 189/98 Lost Ancestral Lake Region Illuminating Quotients from The Black Tiger Tapestries of The Drone of The Holy Numbers," we have chosen to demonstrate only a select group of pitches which are found in the structure of the overtone series of bowed strings and vocal chords.

In Dream Music there is a radical departure from European and even much Eastern music in that the basis of musical relationship is entirely harmony. Not European harmony as textbooks have outlined it, but the intervallic proportions and acoustical consequences of the particular ratios which sound concomitantly in the overtone series when any simple fundamental is produced. Melody does not exist at all (The Disappearance of Melody) unless one is forced to hear the movement from group to group of various simultaneously sounded frequencies derived from the overtone series as melodic because of previous musical conditioning. Even before the first man moved successively from one frequency to another (melody if you like) a pattern for this movement, that is the pitch of the second frequency—whether in a scalar relationship to the first or not—was already predetermined (harmonically) by the overtone structure of the fundamental of the first sound. And in the life of the Tortoise the drone is the first sound. It lasts forever and cannot have begun but is taken up again from time to time until it lasts forever as continuous sound in Dream Houses where many musicians and students will live and execute a musical work. Dream Houses will allow music which, after a year, ten years, a hundred years or more of constant sound, would not only be a real living organism with a life and tradition all its own but one with the capacity to propel it itself by its own momentum. This music may play without stopping for thousands of years, just as the tortoise has continued for millions of years past, and perhaps only after the Tortoise has again continued for as many million years as all of the tortoises to come and of ancient tigers with black fur and omens the 189/98 whirlwind in the Ancestral Lake Region only now that our species has had this much time to hear music that has lasted so long because we have just come out of a long quiet period and we are just remembering how long sounds can last and only now becoming civilized enough again that we want to hear sounds continuously. It will become easier as we move further into this period of sound. We will become much more attached to sound. We will be able to have precisely the right sounds in every dreamroom playroom and workroom, further reinforcing the whole number integer proportions resonating through structure (re: earlier Architectural Music), Dream Houses (shrines, etc.) at which performers, students, and listeners may visit even from long distances away or at which they may spend long periods of Dreamtime weaving the ageless quotients of the Tortoise in the tapestry of Eternal Music.

We recall from the performances of "The Tortoise Droning Selected Pitches from The Holy Numbers for The Two Black Tigers, The Green Tiger and The Hermit" and "The Tortoise Recalling The Drone of The Holy Numbers As They Were Revealed in The Dreams of The Whirlwind and The Obsidian Gong and Illuminated by The Sawmill, The Green Sawtooth Ocelot and The High-Tension Line Stepdown Transformer" that in order to produce convincing textures exemplary of more complex rational frequency ratios that are used in almost any other music and at the same time to maintain the forcefulness of just intonation as found occasionally in Oriental, Country and Western, or pre-Baroque music and often in

sounds of electrical equipment and machinery, the performers avoid vibrato or other rhythmic changes and employ intonation tolerances closer than two cents, which is ordinarily the smallest pitch change considered audible.

This particularly high intonation accuracy has further led the group to amplify each sound source, so as to make the presence of partials and combination tones accessible to the listener. Normal intonation standards have resulted in the currently customary amplification and recording techniques, which eliminate or de-emphasize these delicate tones.

All of this, however, should not be taken as an indication that the listener cannot expect to appreciate these subtleties, since the effect of this degree of control is clearly audible and vividly immediate. This is to be expected, since the physical basis of this harmonic pitch usage lies close to the very nature of musical perception by the ear. The production of closely in-tune intervals is at least a nominal objective in most musical styles. But its rarely concentrated in so pure and audible a state as in the static form and drifting quiet of The Tortoise since the performers allow harmonic tension to absorb all the nervous impetus usually found in formal musical structure, and retire to the sedate motionlessness of complete sensory involvement in the sound.

If one is listening consciously to many frequencies concomitantly, it is understandable that more time is desirable to properly appraise and work with the situation. Given a $3/2$ interval produced by bowed strings or voices, over a period of a few hours we begin to know the upper partials engendered by the particular combination of instruments at hand and then gradually we develop techniques for controlling these partials. To be caught up in the simple game of organizing or permuting fundamentals is almost as archaic as being involved in the now rather popular world-wide game of permuting rhythms slower than pitches, although this is a sport that most of the fundamental-organizers are engaged in anyway. But we can consider this a folly of only a few hundred or at worst a few thousand years, and as long as we are willing to learn from it we should be able to move on, thus allowing the continuation of several thousand years of careful development in the world of sound, maintaining ancient tradition while exploring new formulations and equations which can be held within the realm of consciousness only now that the species has had this much time to experience the tradition.

—LaMonte Young

2nd Communique for the Heads

I love my fellow poets.

But I do not write for them. I write for heads.

They who stick your necks up into outerspace, they who will not allow my fingers to make a mistake on this machine, no matter how I falter, or err. It is all here. The periods are struck in the furnace the same as the chains we all wear, around our heads hair.

I can do nothing but write. I starve, and have no roof over my head but the homes of strangers

friends who take me in. I travel everywhere. I am as air. I am puffed up with myself as a crow. I learned this trick from a friend.

Who is a fellow poet. Traveller.

A LOVE STORY

He was her man
 But he done
 dissonance/digression
 left her roaring heart playing
 sour and dry
 with us screeched in a new way.

Frankie went down to the corner saloon
 and what she did
 is what we care about
 and HOW
 she walked with her fringed skirt on fire
 her heart wet from her man doing wrong
 in atonal kisses.

Their cymbal is salt on the canker
 their horn is pain in our gums
 a violin plays chalk on a blackboard
 then BANG
 we beating it
 running to see with needles or a horn in our ears.

 I aint gonna tell you no fables
 gonna tell you no lies. Oh my god
 how they could love
 how they kissed and over the top of the door
 behind smoked glass

 Frankie saw them.
 a tin violin tells how
 and her heart with 200 pds, on it.
 Her crying comes out of her nose:
 roll me over ever so slow
 roll me on my right
 side my left side
 hurts me, oh.

Oh chime them bells baby to bawl
 theyre taking him away
 and hiding him in the hard ground.
 No they aint bringing back
 any arms anymore

 but some dust to spread under your pillow
 and some hair to wear under your dress
 till your last yelling/
 the last digression,
 the climax of dying on a church bell.

Their last word lost under the rubber
 tired hearse
 or its horses.

Oh listen to my words for I am wise
 I am like a lily fruit
 blooming in the wilderness.

I write the same words again, sitting here with Charlie Parker
 and his rhumba band. I am one with the music, my cigarette stays
 on the top of the table. I have decided to write better prose.
 No one understands me when I speak in poetry. It is not madness.

This sound, this syndrome

12/22

I pace the same ground as my forefathers,

let this be jagged, let this be a new continent. It is.
 My fingers are determined by the laws of the universe. They are
 writing this. I have no power over what I say. I am ruled
 by La CucuRacha. Go

yells the Bubus from under her bedroom door. No she also says.

And if this is madness it is divine.

There are magic happenings going on all over the world.
 I pick up an ashtray and it has the hair of Jean Harlow in it.

We have come to the place now where we can worship.
 We know it and that is enough. There is no need to address America.
 We dont even stay cool anymore. We have the language
 on our side. Brought to us by musicians, by heads from outer space,
 the junkies, the far travellers who always walk with a knife in their
 back pockets, as I have walked today.

It is not the time for poetry. We go under as Rimbaud went,
 if we let it catch up to us, but we are moving that fast,
 that it does not. We stay one head up on the game.

I know not what I do. I am ruled by wonder magicians.
 The green grass.

Blades of it, switch in your back hip pocket. Swing

Your ass sister down Market Street, there is enough for all. Your baskets
 will be full in this day after the 4th of July our forefathers brought forth
 upon this continent a new

The Feast Day of Epiphany or (get out of town it's
later than you think)

1.6.58

they show us as kings. We hide in
the city. I should go out
Cambridge Street, flashing glass-
eyes and ballet shoes.
I dont often dance before strangers
but the day is sacred
therefore ours.

Hard to eat
a chicken pie in the Hayes Bickford in Bowdoin Square,
we are being watched.
What better place than
the poem to warn you

Boston cops
are dumb, but Irish
they suspect everyone, their mothers
with good reasons

I am going to be busted.
Who pegs me as a pusher?

I'm more mother who'd
hold your belt for you
carry your ax, let you
turn on my stove, big deal, that was
when I was a resident, right now I'm nowhere

Off the subway
the screams of commuters,
boarding the Mattapan car,
strike, me in the middle of them,
forgetting magi and the 12th night of my

Fathers, return
and protect us, not by gifts
yourself
thru the cities. Even Fort Sill
Oklahoma. they had me tailed.

Kings for a day
marshall your court to the fields of

Grove Street, Columbus and Mass. Ave.
Union Square in New York, Fillmore and
McAllister, all the U S score streets,
state parks and junior high schools

make freeways
for the junked men of war.
America spare
what's no use to you
keep their saucepans full.

--John Wieners

dragon in the forest
 woods . trees . upfork of his tongue
 the dragon . in the

dragon trees . guarding the event
 it is said that dragons guard
 guard the myth . guard
 the place where the message is
 in folk

lore

(myth meant
 word . here is the word . say
dra / gon but no / gard
 (saying the word
 backwards
 is saying another word)

so-

called because it does not
 guard, it is not the ward
 or warden . (guardian)
 of our trope

words or not

words)

stored in tree

shadows

the radiant

(ray

ing) scales of the tail . ray

ing of the word

brighter than . anything we ever saw
 the dragon is . brighter than
 we ever saw

it guards

the instruction,

we come

to it to draw upon it,

we come to learn

it is dragon & it does not guard
 & what it does not guard is the
 instruction

dark in trees

or tell us . stories . about dragons

to Gerrit Lansing

the afterimage,
mirrored,
blank space at the end of the world
from which the sounds of the shape
proceed



Man across the abyss of
response,
the clef is G

(Great Light

((that is, Light))

move unaltered thru the rivers of my heart,

myth = physiology

(not 'merely'

but "even as much as, as much as")

the

Arrow

flies ever to its goal

= the place to which the arrow flies is the arrow's goal.

A MUSIC MASTER(A Mozart Divertimento)

Tho' I cannot offer you
 my not too unsumptuous bed, bring
 on to me your verses. We must
 find your metric. Your dark eyes
 do not fool me. Tell me more abt
 your 'false start'. Dont
 chop your things into
 separate iambs. Use
 the music of

 the streets. Did he,
 I mean, seduce you or you
 he. (is that correct? I mean
 grammar-wise. Corman would be
 horrified.)
 Naturally, yr rhythmic structure
 what the hell could that tell you
 that we dont

 already kno.

You shd have been my
 Swinburnian 'miss'. This
 will land us both, Guido,
 tho' "Tony", pardon me,
 in Dante's sodom's mist.
 And "dont" and I quote E.P.,
 "imagine that a thing
 will 'go' in verse because
 it's just too dull to 'go' in prose".
 Would, that I could
 entwine abt you naked
 alexandrines. That's

 a little light song. "Dont"
 get the wrong
 "Dawn in russet mantle

 clad". That's bad.

Too viewy. Letz be frank (not
 O'hara. Wonder what

 his approach'd be?) "Baby, like,
 I've got eyes". "Dont"
 at the end of lines make
 ev'ry line stop dead then
 with a heaving sailor's hump

 begin the next. We must
 become

 musicians of
 the imagination.
 Alliteration,

 you must

hear your language spoken.

Drest, and be discreet
 (upon the street) but in the pad,
 en dishabille

 let the bedsprings creak.

Marvel. Question. or some
other creep. Let the
neophyte know

assonance. (the watch
or was it the clock. He must "go"
"that's it

for today, baby,"
Now he calls me, "baby".
This to be follow'd by
my dishy

sister's voice:
"did-DENT you

make him
YET?" Hell noe
besides, he's straight. Letz go
ovah to grease alley
and may his whores

in the mornings
snore at him. And
"publish this"? Who cares
anyway my folks cant read.

--Steve Jonas
March 1960

strata...

...me! coming back on myself!
to which it has all long ago gone,
blowing little homunculi
out of an entirely obscene &
secure level somewhere under...

we plod on together, me
& I!

slipshift cliff from who
to may falloff, ever forever,
Canaveral considerations!

I am one
with enemies
too
long to
loiter any

moreforth! & sohow...
slipping down the passages
between hard-rock iron core
& multiple recesses, caves,
my cosmopolitan courage!

I, i & all of us other ones
detour intelligently -- only
a by-pass ordinarily worth 3
small men & half a dozen
women!

you have tripped
me up rather
splendidly! chick!

(i & ther other said together
tunning around with sylphs do
not pay. hey?)

!& meanwhile all the roars of
subterranean one & two & three
etc., hiest my wallet containing
one half-hip christmas card to

Joan Weir...
Diana...
Catherine Deshayes,
Isis &
colnell petterby's in-
tended

turning the upside down, easily again...

--ray bremsen

NEW YORK BLANK POEM NEW YORK

new york the asphixiated head of new york
 new york a zipper thru the cranium
 new york a gold thread on a suit of calcium
 new york nothing new york grey beard, old grey beard

I eat you SMACK
 new york I eat you SMACK
 the roll of their granite heads

new york smack IS new york smack!

hello. hello. nyack. smack. nyak. nyak.
 a column of plate glass dust
 a spindle of hair hoisted from reconstruction
 streets
 of no construction, over construction
 --even the bleet of the Avenue
 together it is NOTHING, new york!

a further intake of winter
 a leon paradise
 a lone street
 Orizaba! new york Orizaba!
 the coasts of the main Crank--MU!

new york, pillars of pain, new york die, new york live,
 new york WHERE'S YR NARCO TREE?

--Philip Lamantia
 from Mexico City, 1959

Calligraphy

by

Angus MacLise

سید احمد علی

۱۰۰

Handwritten signature

Handwritten text in Urdu script, likely a signature or a short note, located at the bottom of the page.

don't let me daisy, do
it. you've noggled the tossin.
about five o'clock the rhumba-dancers began to get spiffier.
now they have dreadful marriages in thimbles, unovercome.
eternal prismatic elephants, sighed the duchess, as she sighed.

don't remember
it. do remember it.

please. he said. no. they said.
repeat. he said. all right, they said, and hummed, and ate towels.
inside, please, concatenated elevators have elected my humble choice.
mother of rimsky-korsakov, alert!
(at apple-blossom time.)

after the rain comes the sun.
meet me in st louis
idiot hair-braid leaping pomegranate indubitably noisy check-mate ludicrous
rhodomontade, plethora, out-house, persimmon, nudging,
purple uncle.

it won't.
didn't it.

emetic. cosmetic, cosmos, cucumber. let
nana, by zola.
add-a-pearl.
is coming?
daddykins. mole-skin. lumbago. twitch.

rabbit honey rolls, yes sir, open eye
around me in this glass hammock today
years are brooklyn bridge bug poetess dedication

joy, then, milk powder and jugs, praise from eagles
oh gladness and library grass, fetching
huge pastoral mutt:
nun is half-wit steak-tenderizer
suddenly, the sea, and buggies
old men unwrapping lemonade
no news is golden neck-finding

nut-painters! said mae wilson as she stood
on the burning deck
shimmy sha-wabble, countess, jelly-jar, rainbow, serious
now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party.
how it would seem
over there in the swamp
jumping lights have hit me and my fence of noses

yet, all that junk, turkey-sermons, crutches, elizabeth taylor,
arises hopelessly green
revealing nothing. or, black velvet.

john cage fundamentally pillow-talk rock hudson diabolic fanny brice nut-fudge
 o, leave, arise, fly! juicy fruit, abracadabra, wanting more taj mahal than
 hugenesses, ever before. on his account. foot-bath.
 new antelope in fur envelope for papa.

cage, john, born. mustang ha-ha precipice, minnie mouse drinkable two-ton:
 at that, cover removed, magic hausfrau baron emil thundered, "positively,"
 get out, "lilliput," (and) lately you've been looking peaked. gambler.
 exclusive. motorboat. sadness of newspapers.

empty eye finding dance pal, contraposto, delicious, dolores.
 ga-ga, huzza, hussar, hussy, cro-magnon, lorgnette (and those) matrons.
 apple-pie order.
 cabinet pudding, chaos for giraffes is not comfortable coffee.

no telling, r k o pictures, real art, elsa lanchester, club-foot, macaroni.
 he told ma, ma told pa, johnny got a licking so
 over, so wave, so sea, moon, light, passamaquoddy, quoits:
 jump. keep it. lumber-yard. ahem. panorama. rhubarb. opening. overture.

—james waring
 june, 1960

O he says My lady's belly
lights up at night
whiter than any snow of this
or the next year
 Liars who claim
I'll not see her again
 like this
but true My eyes
 were deceived I thought
 surely it is the moon
 —but it was day

impossible she says never to have him stay
the morning here
 with me
 but when the night
 goes pale on our skins
we cry The day It is here
 he said it
 the last time
 and it was
 day

no counting he thinks no counting and
in our sleep too . .
 but later her tears
 running down as all
 runs but I tried
what comfort a man
 her arms
 around me
 and again
 it was day

no counting she says to herself
no counting the times he has seen me
like this
 he pulls down
 the sheets
 he has to
 see me All
 there is and
a strange thing he does it again and again
 but now
 it is day

THE DAY REICH DIED

(THE DAY REICH DIED is an excerpt from THE STRINGLESS YO-YO, an autobiographical anti-documentary by the same author.)

Thirteen hundred hungry men were late for breakfast the morning Wilhelm Reich died at the Federal Penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. The 7:00 am count was delayed. "Recount" was the order of the morning, and "Recount again!" was the second order of the morning.

The 12:00 am to 8:00 am shift—the midnight to eight boys, the cuckoo hour boys, who were tired and ready to go home, could not be relieved. Not until every head was accounted for could that midnight to eight crew go home.

The men who sat out in the towers trying to stay awake all night in the dark silence of this Pennsylvania Dutch farm country couldn't open the tower doors to let their reliefs in.

The men in the bullet-proof, shatter-proof glass enclosed control center, the hub in the wheel of this penitentiary of fear and penitentiary of love, couldn't go home to their wives and children, because something in the count was wrong, and nobody knew what. "Recount" was hollered a third time, and again I got up from my cot and stood in front of the 2" thick wooden door with the 4" square window with the single crossbar in it, so that only my nose and mouth and my eyes showed—as much of my face as you'd see in a Dristan commercial on television, and the Hack, anger showing in his face now, walking with his relief man with notebook in hand, carrying his long, three-cell flashlight, tapping each door as he looked in, to see the Dristan Face—One, Two, Three, Four—and count again. And the fourth count came, and this time the heavy, burly Lieutenant Schaffer, the man who looked like Oliver Hardy but never knew or understood Stan Laurel, came with two Hacks, and this time they had a key and they opened each cell door, and as they opened each door that Dristan Face, the eyes, nose and mouth, suddenly became a human being. The Hacks suddenly forgot that we had numbers. We suddenly had names, because now it was: Jones, Smith, and the reality that we were people came to these Hacks, because they were no longer counting number and phoning them into a Central Control Center. They had found their one lost soul and had narrowed it down to "C" Cell Block and the count narrowed to "C" Cell Block, and the emergency narrowed to "C" Cell Block, and what was wrong?

Door after door they opened and the numbers had names, until they opened this one door in "C-1" Cell Block, and there they found, on his bed, the-bed he had been in all the time—the Hack had been too anxious, too sure of himself to look in the window to see that on that bed lay a man—Wilhelm Reich. Two hours or so before the count Wilhelm Reich had a heart attack and escaped the federal penitentiary of Lewisburg.

Upon discovering his body, Lieutenant Schaffer yelled, "Get up! It's count time!" The motionless body on the bed laughed—I felt he laughed. I could hear this tough, fat, bully-boy, Lieutenant Schaffer, the man everybody called 'Porkey the Pig,' say, "You're no exception! Get up!" and then one of the two Hacks with him said, "Wait a minute, Lieutenant, I think he's sick." Then somebody said, "He's dead! Get the doctor!"

The panic button hit. He dialed the number, 999—bom, bom, bom, and the bells went off in the control center, and the control center picked up and said, "What is it?" and the doors all slammed shut as if triggered by an electronic key. "Dead man in 'C-1'—Reich" that meant trouble. Not that there was a man who died—this is another statistic. But it meant trouble because it was Wilhelm Reich who died, and what it meant to the living, to the people who ran prisons, it meant publicity, it meant fear and panic—somebody's head had to roll—somebody had to go because Wilhelm Reich died.

Finally, when we did get out of our cells on that day I listened to the conversation of a number of the Hacks and some of the cons. One of the Hacks said to me, "With all the panic about Reich, it reminds me of the day that Richard Lindner left here. You've heard of Lindner?" he said.

I said, "Yes, he wrote a couple of interesting things."

"You know, he was staff psychiatrist here." the hack said.

"No" I said, "He was a psychologist."

"Oh, yes, a psychologist," the hack said. "They didn't like him up here in the hospital. Warden couldn't stand him, you know."

"Who"

"Lindner, you know, the Warden couldn't stand him, and the chief doctor wouldn't let them have a going away party for him the day before he left. The only man I can think of in the history of this joint who ever left, who was on the staff who didn't have a farewell party given by the staff, either hospital or otherwise. Never happened before or since. There were people who wanted to give him a party, and there were a couple of private ones downtown, but the top brass, the politicians in this joint, they didn't want it. I'll never forget it, the day he left, when he was officially out of the prison, when he walked through the old front gate, when he got through the first door and he was in the Sallyport, they moved, and by the time he set foot out of the other side of the Sallyport into the outside of the wall, a lieutenant and two of the hacks were in the hospital, and grabbed his inmate clerk, who hadn't done anything, they physically grabbed him and dragged him down to the Hole, and the hate for Lindner was so great they had to put his clerk in the Hole in order to feel they'd done something. The charge against him was that he violated some bull-shit infractions, which he probably had, like taking some notes of Lindner's dictation home, (to his cell at night) and technically the notes were contraband, so they put him in the hole and kept him there for a week. But they're worried now because they've got to issue a press release, it'll have to go to Washington for approval, the teletype already sent the word down, and the press release is coming back, the telegram has to be sent to his girl friend—Did you see that beautiful young girl who used to come visit him, were you ever out there on a visit when she came?" the hack said to me.

I said "who?"

"Well, his wife, you know, she took a place up here in town, outside of Sunbury, so she

could come in more frequently."

"Oh," I said.

I don't know, he just talked about Reich, but I really wasn't listening, my own mind went back to the few exchanges of conversation I'd had with Reich. I'd kind of heard of Wilhelm Reich before I went away, but I really didn't know Wilhelm Reich. I was a non-hip hipster when I got into Lewisburg. If Reich had been a politician, yeah, I would have given you his life's history, but he wasn't. Instead, here was this old man with a very red face—he looked like he'd had some kind of blood disease—working at the library check-out counter. They didn't want him anywhere near medicine of the hospital, so they gave him a very soft, non-physically exerting job in the library, checking out books. This was the same man who would stand in the exercise yard every day at noon with his hands shielding the sun partially from his eyes, stand in one position for a half hour, looking up into the sun, just looking up into the sun, doing nothing else; day after day this man would stand there and look into the sun. I'd never seen anybody look into the sun before. The man wanted no friends at Lewisburg.

Many men tried to talk to him, and he said "No, I'm too controversial." and remained aloof. He wouldn't have conversations. He wouldn't discuss his own theories, why he was there, and he almost always ate alone.

Reich just did his time. He lived in his mind, not outside of it. He had no jailhouse friends. His jailhouse experience was his personal experience. He shared it with no one inside the walls. What was the meaning of Reich in prison? Thirteen hundred hungry men were late for breakfast on the morning he died.

—Harvey Marshall Matusow

I rest, change bodies with love
Lay on the cot, pass wind with her
Who doesnt sweat or shave

When I talk about poetry
She starts counting pubic hairs
Plucked from the crotch of a giant God
Standing above us

Her hands fill up with massive bouquets of hair
Turning into snakes, streamers, bright stars dropped
& scattered into the air

—David Meltzer

The mighty fall.
The dead are raised.
And I stay about the same,
mumbling like a jack-off about peace in the world
when I can't get my own self straight
with you, or the other critters
who inhabit our world without bed-time or end or
sunny blue Saturday forenoons of the spacious brunch
and then plop, back into the sack with you,
Except you have just split for the St. Vincent de Paul with Nancy,
and Tom's gone to play tennis, and Darrell and Kirsten
draw cocks on their bedroom basement walls
while the smell of weed wafts up dreamy through the study floorboards.
David and whatsizname gone, Bobby and Larry on the way by,
and all seems equal and clear.
Wierd. Four years I've loved you
nearly all the days and still we ain't clear. But it too will pass
into the greater blue of your eyes in my eyes floating
serene above the crowded freeway
our life rolls along,
you're driving downtown on, hauling my image of heaven on earth -
your warm arm around my hot butt your hand pulling me closer
deeper into you, the portable dawn I wake up fucking
to pass through, to fuck you, while the chatter of two
or three house guests or denizens flutters by our bedroom door.
I don't care anymore forever who thinks we're rich
and poor. Or who shares this house with us
or lives next door. It is Saturday, a day to mend sores and party
and the musical troupe, Darrell and Kirsten,
sashay cross the floor, Nancy, as cat fancier, giggles
quietly, passes too past our door.
Seven rooms of humans, surrounded by the peace
we've offered each other, endlessly, without cease
surrounds us Phoebe, for the first time in four weeks
I'm not one inch of hurtin. Each kiss is release
from meaningless griefs. The wind fluffs the curtain
and I kiss your sweet thigh. No noise or uncertainty,
these peaceful earth moments, as Saturday's grey clouds roll by.

—Lewis MacAdams

I see her everytime I eat a sandwich.
 She is between bread. She was always
 filling things out. She wore her skirts
 lower; from a fertile family.
 The old hardon would come rising up,
 singing songs, she misunderstood.
 As a matter of fact, her fat sisters would
 have understood better. They had the shape
 of babies in their bellies before they were born,
 I'm sure. They had a careless way of letting slide
 several inches of thigh everytime there
 was something to be done with their skirts.
 They were sexy in their time; from a poor family.
 A younger brother, there were many of them,
 lifted in the air by a fat cow, swirled several times,
 his balls crushed. I couldn't look at him after that,
 could you? & the mother grew fatter,
 laughed at always at the center store, &
 the father thin forever, laughed at always at the
 center store & the house burned down &
 everyone for a week was willing to take a child;
 a fat child a thin child & care a little for it.
 & the younger brothers never got older,
 how much heaven for the poor & fertile family?
 They have no name here or there.

—Terry Stokes

The blond hair of Liv the Norwegian
Falls a hands length from my face
As I lie with a full meal and liquor
In my stomach, playing with the baby.
Liv has green eyes slanted and a full body
Writes long letters, smokes too many cigarettes,
And with her speech withers any lust that I might have.

I do not lie that it is devotion to Jane
That keeps me from slipping in her
But whatever lust that I might have
Withers when she speaks in her dear voice
No inflection, no drawl, no rise and fall, only
A voice or rather a noise that happens to have meaning
In some way for her bronze head I could forgive her.

Rape now, thats another thing.
People are continually raping my girls
So maybe theres some thing to it, my hands
Twisted in that stream of hair, the violent entry.
A small voice tells me she is too big to rape
I open my eyes. The blonde hair of
Liv the Norwegian falls a hands length from my face.

—Tom Bailey

the actual flesh is simple breath without a voice.
 like snakes that make their season's nest in hollow trees
 we shed our skin before its death & live by choice.

the words we have to speak can serve as a device
 to warm us at a distance; but in the closer heat we freeze.
 the actual flesh is simple breath without a voice,

& words, to us who wish to love, seem too precise:
 their itch demands a scratch; but hands that scratch displease.
 we shed our skin before its death & live by choice

among the gestures that we have to choose: which are concise
 as sudden open doors & startled eyes & quickly rigid knees.
 the actual flesh is simple breath without a voice.

the snake that eats its tail lacks right advice;
 it saves its skin but finds the flesh it has to nibble disagrees;
 we shed our skin before its death & live by choice.

to breathe & not to say a word might be to rejoice;
 the eye sees only shadows made by names until it sees
 the actual flesh is simple breath; without a voice
 we shed our skin before its death & live by choice.

July 1958.

--Bruce Boyd

I was called
called. and I go 30 miles to the city

called to ATTEND
A birth

Attend ! To learn, be at attention

Now

Birth: a new beginning
Labor of Love
A child
Joy ! Joy !

Attend ! Not to do anything,
Be there,
To be.

A waiting, vigil, gathering of the clan
Ancient family function.
Natural home event.
Celebration
Re-affirmation

Myself affirmed.

Let me tell you how it is being—
To be: physician,
medicine man
Shaman
myself.

Attend !

There she is ! Dig her !

Squatting, primitive, like at stool
Lower back about a kitchen door jamb
Leaning
Flat footed
Legs spread
Knees bent
Hands clasped into knees / fingers spread
Hunched shoulders
Arms straight from neck to knee
Laboring, facing East in prayer
Her lines forming a triangle
Enclosing a circle of gravid belly
Magic symbols.

Woman.
 Small boned, puffed reddish hair
 whispering about face
 She / blowing at it.

S curving from small head
 around neck / tangle over filled breasts

Freckled sweat / you shine

Your eyes / Eyes / you are in your eyes
 You turn out to see yourself

And I in turn / see myself

Tell me who I am / I will tell you who you are.

Digger !

Who's in charge around here ?

She is !

Laboring mother / Doing the woman thing

I touch her with my eyes
 We encompass each other
 and I watch with compassion

With black bag, mostly empty
 A knife, gold pen, paper, string, key
 Odds and ends of my identity
 But mostly I came as myself

My hands, naked before
 your divine act

It's your thing / do it well
 I say to you

We have work to do
 and I settled down to comprehend
 and learn.

What is going on ?
 A family thing
 Celebration
 Tribal act / old
 As all time

The clan has gathered
 Chief, minstrels, poets
 Wizards, pilgrims, midwives

The sexual smell of birth fills the air.

Gathering together
 To witness, affirm
 Re-affirm
 Attend
 again

Is anyone there to witness ?

There was:

(family) Joan mother
 Billy Batman father
 oldest child male, Jade
 next oldest, male, Hassan
 youngest (not for long), female, Caledonia

Women:

(attending) Lenore Kandell poet,
 Cassandra, witch,
 Sam, Peter's girl,
 Helene, gypsy wife of printer Claude
 Female child of Helene, age 6 months
 Sara, wife of John, pilgrim from Denver
 Woman, black, neighbor with blanket

Men:

(watching) Emmett Grogan, Digger
 Kirby Doyle, poet
 Richard Braudigan, poet
 Claude Hayward, printer, Digger
 Peter Cohan, mime trouper
 Gandalf, white wizard
 John Glaser, husband of Sara (pregnant)
 Billy Fritsch, Lenore's man

Others:

Kim Kaufman, obstetrician also male nurse

Poets, beggars, minstrels, chief
 Gypsies, Indians
 Pilgrims,
 Children of their time

Diggers

Vision of poverty

All in a pad / boxed wooden tepee

Family love,
 Surrounded by tribal love
 Chiefs, shaman, witches, magic makers
 Godfathers, Godmothers.
 Are all there to love this new life
 As their own.
 To participate in love, an orgy of
 deliverance.

— to put ceremony where it also belongs
in the most elementary of human acts

That's who's there —

and I

The men mostly watch, squat shadows
cross-legged on the floor
Doing men talk and things

The women
Attended
The mother to be

Whelping, man can only watch
Can he feel it ?
Total earth mother mystery
Does he know ?
The mystery

Olson said

Whatever is born or done this moment of time
has the qualities of this moment in time

What happened this moment of time ?

We were all there
Not here,
There in that (this) moment of time
Each one to himself (herself)
Responding to the moment
of magic
a birth

a waiting, stillness, expectancy
vibrant.

Family / Family sounds
Eating
Laughing
Talk about what's new
What's new ?
This is what's new -
Compassion, concern for

JOAN

The center of a living mandalla

Connected to each other
Connected, wired, re-connected
Bonded
Glued, unglued
Cosmic glue of synchronicity
No place

The women attended
 Held you
 Rubbed where it hurt
 Feeling, skin to skin
 Feeling (pick up) your work and joy

You labored hard and long and
 finally laid down on the kitchen floor
 Feet to the West, setting sun.
 couched around with midwives
 Handmaidens.
 Nothing spoken, your needs
 Attended

We talked of birth and afterbirths
 cutting cores, biting them free
 like primitives do.
 No, not that, but you would if
 necessary. I know
 You know

Joan you and I talked -
 Explored each other,
 liked what we found.

Your particulars - young healthy
 Fourth pregnancy. Three in hospitals
 Quick labors - except for one

A hang up - occiput posterior
 it's called - Sometimes requires
 assistance (aided) birth
 cold metal, called forceps.

Bag of water unbroken -
 Pains (?) Contractions regular.
 If you were in pain it seemed
 a kind of ecstasy to watch.

You chose your position -
 I did not change it.
 Do your thing where it's
 most comfortable for you.

Did you want to go to hospital ?
 No ! At home - where you are.
 For your family and tribe

So. / OK / let's see what happens.

Not much happening
 Except this moment
 The waiting, not much to do
 Play with children -
 open black bag
 Gifts for children
 Key to Hassan, paper for Jade
 String tied to Caledonia

Quiet late afternoon
In the country I would hum with bees

Quiet late afternoon
In the city cars hiss and buses
Rumble and fart
making a shambles of thought

Restless / Do something !
Find quiet
an empty room, disarray of children activity
Tarot cards everywhere
Must be neat with destiny
I gather, pick each card
Arrange them, cast aside.
Forgotten this (that) moment

There were other things there
to do. Prepare for the cutting
of cord
Knife pocket piece
My knife
Hard clean steel clasped in green jade
Dull from non-use

Sharpened with found Moroccan coin
inscribed in triangles, stars
Arab writing, Sanscrit
without over bars.
Silver and steel
worked back and forth
to and fro / a sharpening
edging
Finally sharp
It dragged across my thumbnail
Tasted on tongue
Had Joan touch blade to mouth

The coin I carried in my mouth
Asked all to touch or kiss
this coin.

Now sitting near your head
children laying about
Playing, knew something
Special was going on
But still hungry as children are.

An orange, peeled by cutting with knife.
Circling the top
contra navel, then,
quartering
Holding it up for the children to see
Peeled
Four quarters
A circle.

Juice trickles down chin
Children laugh.

Later near the time of birth
Cassandra, cross-legged, facing South
Reads the cards, telling
of this time.

Arranged by whom ?
Children scattered cards,
Random, unwanted, unbelieved ?
Gathered by me without thought

I just wanted to keep the cosmos in order.

Sam cast them, Celtic cross
Cassandra reads with open mind
"Do they tell of the future of this
yet to be born child ?" I asked

You said, "strong, yeah strong reading
Good signs"
Your eye averted, unlike you,
Cassandra.
What did you see that you did not want
to tell ?
Did you doubt the card ?
It was, after all, a reading for everyone
in this moment.

Did it make you want to love us more ?
Or in despair, unwanted, unbidden,
did you see the future as past ?

Sitting in a corner, near the men.
Idly moving gold pen over
paper in Billy's guest book.

Images of black bats, wings, crabs
Numbers 4 July
5
6
7

swirls, connecting, unconnected
mindlessness taking form
Indian shaman painting sand
Black / White
No color
yet.

No immediate use
for doodling now

Later, always later
Placental blood rubbed
into book.
Certification that the
circled 5 July has
been noted in '67
Black / White / Red
all one

Hot July night, stripped to waist
 Bare footed
 Clean diaper in left hand
 I washed
 Washing hands is prayer
 Facing North, Joan on my right
 Table lamp on floor lights the scene
 Blessed hot running water.
 Soap. Palms together
 In and out, around, up the wrists

My hands were clean
 Cleaned, cleansed
 Pink and alive

More alive each time I touched you.

Too long, 12 long hours
 for you.
 Bag of waters unbroken
 Baby way over on right
 side. Feel mostly legs,
 lumpy in your belly.
 Wincing each time the wave
 of bunching muscle crosses,
 courses, downward
 Mucous "show" hours ago
 Finally you tire, nap,
 Contractions less intense.
 Inertia gone - a hang
 up. What ?

Something wrong.

I must examine you
 inside.
 Gentle, easy
 "Like love making" I said
 Not rape

Rosette of engorged hemorrhoids
 gently returned.
 Fingers far up - Bulging
 membrane, sac of water
 Fills your open cervix
 Baby almost
 floating away from finger.

Rupture membranes, speed
 Labor. No tools, finger
 nails clipped short, won't work

Muttered aloud, "I wish I
 had a Kocher" John
 reaches in tote bag
 Produces 'kocher' - his roach holder
 A real life saver.
 Crotch linked, long toothed
 pick up.

Not sterile ! / Heat it ! / dammit !

Kirby fires it over kitchen burner
 to glowing white, red
 Hissing hot. Little white sparks
 Flow from its tip

Cooled in warm water
 to body heat.
 Chrome steel / soft vaginal flesh
 Slid along fingers to bulging
 bag (amniotic sac)
 Open teeth / push / grasp / pull—
 That breaks the caul !

Shit !
 Gushing fluid, brownish,
 washes over my hand.
 Trouble, fetal trouble
 fetal distress it's called
 Fecal staining of amniotic
 Fluid

Stop - Attention.
 Attend, must hurry

Head easily felt now
 Look (feel) for landmarks.
 Sutures
 fontanele -
 coronal ridge, saggital
 lamboidal ridge -
 Big hole up / little hole down

A hang up
 Occiput posterior
 Face up / sunny side up
 The head must rotate almost half circle
 for easy birth.

Cervix open, head
 engaged, membranes
 broken,
 first stage (of labor) complete
 Enter stage two.

Baby in distress
 Does the mother know ?

Everything stops.
 hand over your heart
 Eyes locked we
 consult each other.
 Transmit concern.
 Hold down fear.
 Easy.
 Your heart steady
 Easy does it.

Need help - an instrument
 (like long fingers) to grasp
 head for turning.

I send Peter
 He returns with
 another doctor, (Kim Kaufman, obstetrician his helper a male nurse)
 white coat, white eyes
 eyes the scene
 Wants out,
 Doesn't dig it.
 Plastic gloves, examines
 Gone.

Leaving nothing
 almost if he hadn't been there
 He looked at me, I look at him
 Words pass.
 STAY ! PLEASE HELP !
 Be a doctor !

No contact
 He is gone

Now a rising fear that
 all may be lost
 Abstract civilized fear
 Put it down !
 Be yourself
 Attend !

Back to Joan

On hand and knees before you
 Fingers reaching, stretching. (Lenore is there)
 Hands on belly
 Straining to turn baby about
 You are now clasped between my hands.
 I feel you push, strain
 Push down

Head now in vagina
 we all look to see the crowning
 Labia opening, bulging.
 It cannot be stopped now.

Head almost out
 Perineum stretching
 Glass thin, transparent.
 Hold back, gently.
 Next push should do it.
 "Here, bite on the coin" I said. You did.
 Head now partly over
 stretched taut opening.

Now
 Push
 Push
 Come
 Easy baby
 Up and over
 Orgasmic push
 Grunt
 anus open round mouth
 Water, floppy sound
 Head free
 in my hands

Face down
 Home free.

Shoulders slip easily
 Then the body
 with Billy now there
 Holding him.

It's a boy !
 He cries

Cord in hand
 silver shiny spiral
 blue.
 Alive with pulsations
 Snake-like writhing

Pulsations stop
 Abruptly
 Tie with nylon cord
 Tie again
 Double tie, square knots
 with granny keeper
 Trim excess string
 Give to Billy
 Knife, jade, small sharp blade.

Cut
 splatter of blood
 Baby free
 Loving hands everywhere
 Laid on mother's breast
 Cord hanging loose at vagina.

I hear shouts - his name

Digger !
 Digger Batman
 He is born
 Born free
 I give him the coin from my mouth

Slow deep shudders envelope you.
 Subsiding orgasm of birth
 Culmination of conception
 Conclusion of the beginning
 Letting out
 Release
 Second stage complete

Gandalf gives the
 time 10:41

Tension leaves the group.
 Spent
 Wait for expulsion of placenta

Placenta: Selfless product of conception
 The giver / taker
 Now that God has done its work
 It does away with itself
 Born as an after thought
 To be buried in the S.E. corner
 of the village
 Hopi fashion.

That organ / parasite
 Neither mother nor child
 Intermediary, middle man
 Hormone factory,
 Feeder
 Sucker
 A life its own, yet
 no conscious life
 or does it ?
 First to be there
 Last to leave
 Spirit

Gentle tugs at cord
 Then a sliding easy
 Expulsion.
 Soft
 Meaty
 Liverish disc
 Warm blood
 Slippery

Call for basin
 Afterbirth placed in it
 meaty side up

I ask all to touch

Flesh

Blood and

Taste

Labor complete - 3rd stage finished

Someone lites a dime store

brass pipe of hash -

passed around -

it tasted of burnt flowers.

Black woman, white eyes

living cave painting, small

In and out of the group

Ghostly in dim light offered

a blanket, greyish, old.

Not for the infant but to be

gently rubbed against the

receding empty uterus.

Sara used it

One of the last things I did was

check the uterus

There it was.

I put on my shirt, coat, sandals, pack

my bag and go home to Bolinas.

— John Doss

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 NYK3/SANF TO SAN FRANCISCO BUREAU
 FM PARKER

NATION SCHEDULING COVER ON THE HIPPIES PRESSWARDING JUNE24. WITH SUMMER ICUMEN IN FAST AND THE PREDICTED INVASION OF THE HIPPIES AND WOULD-B-HIPPIES ABOUT TO BEGIN, TIME IS RIPE FOR AN IN-DEPTH ANALYSIS OF THIS CONTROVERSAL, CLOUD-CUCKOOLAND MINICULTURE. SEEMS TO US THAT FOR ALL ITS FAULTS, THE HIPPIE CULTURE AT ITS BEST PROVIDES A BENEFICIAL COUNTERBALANCE OF ALTRUISM, MYSTICISM, PHILOSOPHICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL SKEPTICISM IN AN OTHERWISE HARD AND PRAGMATIC AMERICA. AT ITS WORST OF COURSE, IT IS VAPID, PURPOSELY INFANTILE, ANTIPRODUCTIVE, MIND-BLOWN, ESCAPIST, SILLY AND--DARE WE SQUARELY SAY--DOWNRIGHT UNHEALTHY. WE WILL WANT TO DEFINE AND EXPLORE ALL THESE FACETS IN OUR FACELESS COVER, MAPPING SUCH HIPPIE CAPITALS AS SAN FRANCISCOS HAIGHT-ASHBURY, NEW YORKS EAST VILLAGE, WHATEVER TOOK PLACE OF THE STRIP IN LOS ANGELES AND THE HIP SCENES OF MAJOR AMERICAN--AND SOME FOREIGN--CITIES.. WE WILL WANT TO SEE THE HIPPIES AT PLAY AND (IF TRUE) AT WORK--ON THE NUDE BEACHES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, GROWING POT IN MEXICO OR WHEREVER, IN THEIR JAMMED HASH-SMELLING COMMUNAL DWELLING, IN TANGIER AND INDIA AND NEPAL (IF THEY ARE STILL THERE), PARIS AND LONDON AND TOKYO. ANY LEFT IN ATHENS? WILL NEED TO KNOW THE LATEST IN THEIR MUSICAL TASTES (COPIOUS QUOTES FROM LYRICS APPRECIATED WHERE APPLICABLE), THEIR HEROES AND VILLAINS, THEIR ARGOT (WHICH WE COULD POSSIBLY BREAK OUT AS A SEPARATE GLOSSY BOX). WHO ARE THEIR GURUS AND WHAT DO THEY READ? WILL NEED HARDEST CHECK ON THE DRUG SCENE--HOW MUCH

ACID THEY REALLY USE, HOW OFTEN, HOW THEY REACT TO IT, ANY DEATHS OR ACCIDENTS ATTRIBUTABLE TO IT HOW MUCH POT AND SPEED THEY CONSUME. WILL OF COURSE NEED A MAJOR CHUNK ON THE "LOVE CULT," ITS SYMBOLS AND SUBSTANCE. HOW BIG IS THE HIPPIE POPULATION IN EACH CITY? HOW MANY ARE ERSATZ OR PART TIME, HIPPIES? PLEASE TALK TO PSYCHOLOGISTS AND SOCIOLOGISTS, COPS AND CLERGYMEN FOR THEIR INTERPRETATIONS OF THE REACTION TO THE HIPPIES. HOW MANY OF THE HIPPIES ARE NEGROES OR IS IT MOSTLY A WHITE PHENOMENON? HOW DO THEY SURVIVE? HOW DO THE GIRL HIPPIES AFFORD THE PILL OR DONT THEY? IN SAN FRANCISCO, MANY WORK AS POSTMEN (AND WILL WANT THAT STRANGE SIGHT DESCRIBED) BUT WHAT ELSE DO THEY DO FOR BREAD! HAS THE DIGGER PHENOMENON SPREAD, WHEREBY ALTRUISTIC HIPPIES PROVIDE FOR THEIR HUNGRY BRETHREN? HOW DO THEY GET THE GOODS? MUCH THEFT? ARE SQUARE BUSINESSMEN AND SHOPKEEPERS IN HIPPIE NEIGHBORHOODS SCARED OF THEM OR GROWING MORE TOLERANT.

WILL NEED SUBSTANTIAL PARAGRAPH OR TWO IN COVER TRACING THE HISTORY OF THE PHENOMENON AND RELATING IT TO THE BEATS OF THE '50S. HISTORICALLY, WHAT OTHER KOOKY SUBCULTURES HAS THE WORLD BEEN BLESSED (OR CURSED) BY? SOME PRO-HIPPIE WRITERS HAVE SEEN PARALLELS BETWEEN THE EARLY CHRISTIANS AND THE HIPPIES, INDEED THE ROMANS THOUGHT THE EARLY CHRISTIANS WERE DAFT, TOO. WHAT ARE THE PHILOSOPHICAL AND CULTURAL ROOTS OF THE MANY ODD STRANDS IN THE HIPPIE SCENE? NEED SHARP QUOTES FROM EXPERTS TO DOCUMENT THIS PLUS YOUR OWN IDEAS.

WILL WANT TO TALK ABOUT THE HIPPIE BUSINESSMAN, THE PEOPLE WHO FEED OFF THE HIPPIES AND RUN THE PSYCHEDELICATESSANS, FILLMORE AUDITORIUMS, ROCK GROUPS, CAFES AND WHATEVER, THAT HIPPIES FREQUENT. HOW MUCH DO THEY MAKE--ANY FORTUNES YET?

SINCE WITH THE SUMMER VACATION STARTING WE ARE BOUND TO HAVE MORE CLASHES BETWEEN SQUARE SOCIETY (FUZZ) AND HIPPIES LIKE THAT IN MANHATTANS TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK THIS WEEK, WE WILL NEED GOOD ACTION AND DETAIL FOR NEWS PART OF OUR COVER. FOR THE REST PLEASE GO AT THE DESCRIPTION AND DELINIATION OF THE SUBCULTURE AS IF YOU

WERE STUDYING THE SAMOANS OR THE TROBRIAND ISLANDERS--DETACHED,
COOL, PLEADING NO CAUSES AND RESISTING THE TEMPTATION TO PUT THEM
DOWN. BUT WITH PLENTY OF COLOR. WILL NEED BULK OF YOUR FILES IN
NEWYORK BY SATURDAY NOON, JUNE 17. PLEASE ADVISE SOONEST OF ANY
SOURCES UNREACHABLE BY YOU THAT OTHER BUREAUS SHOULD REACH.
ALSO PLEASE KEEP AN EYE PEELED FOR GOOD PICTURE SITUATIONS SINCE
THIS IS LARGELY TERRA INCOGNITA FOR US.

EXPARKER: WE ARE CASTING A WIDE NET, TO ALL U S BUREAUS, TWO IN
CANADA AND EIGHT OVERSEAS POINTS FOR THIS STORY. PLEASE KEEP YOUR
FILES BRIEF AND RELEVANT, IF THIS MEANS SIMPLY ADVISING US THERES NO
HIPPIE CULTURE WORTH TALKING ABOUT IN YOUR AREA, SO BE IT.

CC/653P:

SUNDAY CEREMONY

from the buses on Fillmore Street and the parking lots
 down on Geary up over the elevated crosswalk on Steiner
 Street a horde gathers
 to swell the lines assembled at Winterland

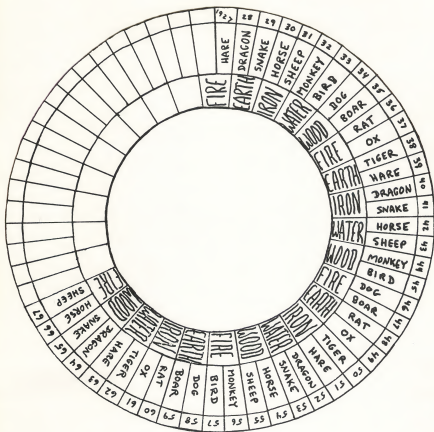
they form several blocks away, invading
 a lowerclass Negro neighborhood until at eight
 the doors open and they converge, swarming the seats
 the floor and the balconies

flashing lightshows and strobe creations
 electric Orphic stonehenge of soundproducing equipment
 on stage in Mexican garb Jimi
 wields the guitar
 teethplucking waa-waa chorusses of the blues
 satanic
 in the hollow room

a bullet of Texas blues shrieks from Janis and everyone
 stands stripped in pure heat of release, ten
 thousand bodies one pulse into oblivion

six hours of music. all personal awareness
 drained into the mass that now disperses. short
 automatic semithoughts.
 the bus. fifteen cents. home
 the night must not end. never end. end.

—David Gitlin
 1968




"a triumph of the squares—meaning the guys with crewcuts and slide rules who read the Bible and get things done." (moonflight of Apollo 8)

Dr. Thomas Paine, director of NASA

Abandon fleshworks, abandon natureshape,
abandon Earth.

Inside the machine. Untouched views of Never.
Frozen Heaven.

A.D. 1963



MAN	3,115,000,000
Food & work animals	4,400,000,000
Water animal life	580,000,000,000,000
Wild animal life	1,667,000,000,000,000
Worms & termites	92,428,683,600,000,000,000,000,000,000
Insects	3,416,341,600,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000
Protozoa	70,781,761,494,767,278,000,000,000,000,000,000
& algae	
Land Plants	721,368,396,106,333,000,000,000,000,000,000,000
Bacteria	2,165,105,198,325,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000

3 million billion sestillion lives including
ours.

Corny Arkship talk. 2 centuries of coalsmoke,
50 years of burnt petroleum, unnumbered inert
dumps and unknown strangling species linger
aboard.

Mother Earth a disposable womb.

"What are the physical operational parameters for the planet, the ecological rules of human occupancy?"

John McHale, as executive director, World Resources Inventory

Planet as mechanical hotel.

One more mind wrench to an era of
polished illusion, globe finish.

MIND WRENCH

GLOBE FINISH

City life is adaptation to machines.

24-hour day, artificial
light, noise, riding in
conveyances, controlled
temperature, obeying
traffic lights, telephone
personality, commerce
with vending machines

Cities enclosed as human terrariums.

oxygen and climate control
mobile living modules, food
and waste tubes, reality
programs

Country life is modified city life.

factory farms, tract
suburbs

Umbilicustowns.

modules plug into rural
installations

Human ecology dominates the planet.

Human biosphere expanded into aerial, aqueous and subterranean environments.

mineral masses, air and
water supplies accounted
and allocated

all non-human life regulated
and cultivated

Management of human ecology dictates the course of life-energy.

Central design assigns possible experiences to component humans.

Future?

Future?

Future is obsolete.

Where are we going?

Off, get in.

Original Destruction

man/machine breaks down environments or is broken
down by them

inevitable pollution

Fall of the Strangers

pre-determination of human genetic models is the basis
of law and order

random babies corrupted original ecological balance

Immortality or Suicide

eternal life is normal

death is a sacrifice to man/machine research

Programming Flows

new, change, discovery, surprise comes through successive
man/machine feeding problems

human vision is irrelevant

No alternative to leaving Earth,
huddling in smogdomes with life-
insuring tickets off the pastilential
3rd planet?

"What does it do? What do I do with it?"

Machines don't explain themselves.

Men create roles, characters and
destinies for machines. For IT.

IT remains IT.

Men re-create their own roles, characters
and destinies around IT.

Why IT?

Extensors, fleashelectric wrists.
Whose brain in my face? Gunwonder
power switch you? Answer.

Memorite, summed experience of species
ours. IT says nothing. We. Do we or
don't!

November 1966

after a visit from Gary Snyder

Woodsman

and of the woods
 dark trees naved
 moonlight voweled
 the dauncing there.

Speaking

from the whole breath

Mantras

touch of gold at
 ear and tongue.

Talk of the coast tribes

new tribes
 gentled
 bright ones gentling
 tinkling now.

Carrying in him mountains

like women.

And so for Tibet
 with stops enroute
 for small subversions
 a little truth the
 casting of circles
 business of the
 tribe.

Mountainman woodsman soon

shaman.

Vaja con

Dios

Hombre

—Thomas Fitzsimmons

I come alone. To surprise you,
I leave no sign, my name
shucked at the familiar gate.

Your name is implied in exile.
I bring meat for your memory,
wine for the skinning of muskrats.

I leave some wood, not much,
but enough to streak your face
a winter red despair.

Goodbyes creaking in the pines;
father, my tracks point home to dusk; wolves
nudge my weary eyes.

For company, whistle to the antic wind.

Winter Indian

The snow is for sale. No takers.
A Chief questions his first piece:
spindly doll, a drafty shack,
smell of perfume. Any scene goes pale
when talk grows sour, no land for bid,
no tribal deals. Deaths fade quietly.
Saturday nights repeat
summer stick game and ghost dance,
bone whistle ritual to spirit hope.

Winter comes earlier each year,
calves lost to sleep in willows
sheathed in ice. Sunday is imaginary.
When mongrels howl to teasing
children, what camera softens
this plain to missionary
perfection?

Happy to think of good times:
buffalo fat to fall in jumps.
When war was still a game and berries
stained a face fierce,
white women slaved to cruel squaws.
Think money is out of time and times
are bad. The mountains warp
when cattle starve in snowfields.
Specks of red on a solid plane of nothing.

My Sister, My Lover

Legend tells me you are scented and greased.
 Taboos never work. In this mad prayer,
 your tits are true and the music in our thighs
 compatible. These mountains are blue-veined.
 My teachers don't understand your fatal design,
 the construction of fleshed bones clicking
 meaty messages against my tongue.
 I could scoop you soft, point you hard
 in dreams of heat; that isn't my plan.

I want to help you, mold your face a pretty green,
 point your elbows up and paste a tune
 inside that pious cheek. What hippo hides
 our shoes while we pray for delinquent Indians?
 You call me puppy. I have puppy-plans.
 No Tintoretto could paint this stream
 a rosy shade of terror. Lithe as a snake,
 it glides through green
 to send me screaming for your hair. Fingers
 float our teeth and taste of mean, bone and sweat.

Watch those suckers; round mouths wish to kiss
 you red, grainy-tongued as any indecent cat.
 You knew me: A love affair with pigeons
 in Jack London Square, that comic bartender
 who made us glad to cry; we had plans.
 These mountains can't hurt me. We could fish
 this hole forever and call it sport
 but trout stopped biting years ago.

Take this bucket of worms, point north
 and have your visions. Scare up hawks and hunger
 to sack the blue, trick a flash
 before your face. This breeze circles in heat.
 Let's move upstream, track willows and wings
 to a far hole where trout thread and fake.
 We're beyond the touch of a shout
 and beavers plot to arm the dams with greed.

Red settlers my ancestors bought burial plots
 in forks of trees we skirt. Beads and periodic blue
 make us brother and sister. Let's strip and dive a scare
 into these fish, send the teachers cracking jokes
 against rocks. Any unnamed god will do for hunger.
 No statue will watch our play or wake us
 when trout are back and plans restored,
 a narrow dart of silver driving thunder into skin.

—James Welch

Sitting on a box you rage as american
art does
Your beauty I mean catches me blind
I stand
And find my fingers clutching
my palms
This morning you noticed a very
small bird
Last night you talked to the
turtle
What is certain your words
move me
As no music ever has you're my
wonder

ACT II: SCENE I

*The fire blazes. You
go over there. I
stand over here.*

*The fire is too hot, my
love, i'll
have to move.*

*I spit at the fire
it roars back
my love,
it roars back
i'll have to move.*

*Change to blue light
change to light.
to what changes mean most
those hours. Of light
Ah!*

—Max Feinstein

Shall I must needs tell
and repeat again
that every intentional act
is an act of magic and that
Cause and Effect it's name as Science
as proved by Pure Thought as belled
by the "Abstract" Educationalist Cheats,
and Truth and Beauty as the linier
syllabic breathing constitution Art . . .
thus we must treat every intentional act
as an Act of Love. . . else we abstract
all Perception into that deblesed
and undivined misstate of a hired tongue
piercing it's own dry mouth even in prayer.

Magic is an intentional act of the intuitive
the scientific act of the artist
is Love's commission of Knowledge
is Love
Magic . . .
is, in truth, every breath and thought,
which are same.
The finger is a wand, and the word is a sword,
and days are coins.

Poem To A Mountain Girl

Slowly, past this day, you sleep
and as you lightly breathe a river burns from me . . .
all the final voices forever said —

and in your sleep I awake, here,
have eaten an orange,
have gone to the creek and bathed
listening to its thin and liquid speech,
its joy to run so free and clean.

Now, returning to this ragged tent,
sanctuary to your sleep, your real sleep,
I wish for you waking
so that we together could take cool pause
at the hidden pond I found down stream,
our bodies quick and chilled
by the water,
our bodies breathing — holding.

Now, here as pen point and shadow
touch this page
I look up almost stunned to
know that from your sleep you have loved me,
and from my awakening I have loved you back.

"By common law	"Ni evil ot nwo
your soul	ruo
is ours	fo
to enjoy	sluos on
and use.	evah ew
We ask only	yawa og ton
comfort	tsum
from you.	uoy
You	Uoy morf
must	trofmoc
not go away:	Y'Ino ksa ew
We have	esu dna
no souls	yojne ot
of	sruo si
our	luos ruoy
own to live in."	wal nommoc y'b."

EM OT DIAS EVAH SECIOV EHT TAHW

Letter to Freddy Herko

Most Beloved Brother,

It is foolish to put the sofa
on the roof
because it will get rained on, and
maybe shit on too (by the
cats)—
and then you will have to sleep in a
wet,
and maybe
shitty,
bed;
but it is also very beautiful to put the sofa on the
roof,
beautiful for it to be there and beautiful of you
to have put it
there.
Verily,
in sooth,
you are the Beautiful Fool,
all of it.

No, I will not help you carry the sofa up the stairs—
I would not have you in a wet
and possibly worse (ie: shitty)
bed, and besides
I am much too exhausted to carry
anything other than myself up
one more stair—
but it is very beautiful of Billy to help you.
No, I cannot help
you carry the sofa to the roof,
but I will come sit on it.

I not only write this by
hand but I stand up to sign it with Love—

Kirby

P.S. Beside a tinker's eye
I also need a pencil
sharpener—the kind
that cranks.

xx00

K.

New York
Ridge Street
Morning

The sun strikes my house,
 a sun stricken house.
 O Zola, go back
 to sleep till the sun
 strikes the house!
 I have confessions to make
 to the sun
 and I would be shamed
 for you to see—
 for I am an ordinary man.
 Yes, I claim that!

Do not ask me what this means.
 It means nothing.
 It means I am an ordinary
 man—
 that there is no change
 put into me—
 That I will no change—
 I remain one ordinary man,
 I remain forever—
 I am all my antiquity—
 How can I change;
 was I not an ordinary
 man at birth?

And a fire serpent too!
 A dragon I am
 and tongue licks my flame—
 Cave snorter and stuffed with
 mean breathing.

And this, lovely creature,
 this I am: an Angel O'Ether
 now sliding in the sky—
 leaping from the ridge-edge
 in brown flight, in green flight,
 in yellow flight, in black flight—
 ah, my robes!
 And stony War King
 bird eyed
 and raging upon my infidel—

And Priest!
 Snake hooded Druid
 burning from his ibis-eye
 and by Priest and King
 I command Upward
 by this raising stare!
 (Be Poet, O my breathing tight. . .)

THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT

A few years after Tibet fell, I was driving a 1949 VW bus from California to Santa Fe, points East.

Somewhere in the desert, Arizona—someplace like Palomas, Wolf Hole, Chukut Kuk—I pulled off the highway, pure impulse, off onto a dirt road. It was the middle of the starry night: a billion constellations, nebulae, trichilocosms. Lady of the Han River, I noted. Give thanks, give thanks.

The desert: salt fantastics, bleached talus, dead lakes, mountains streaked with fossil, snow borax. The day sky so empty I had expected something to fall out of it at any moment, it was that kind of sky: a ringing, a sound of falling, and a dead man in leather pilot's suit would be dashed to the ground, and disappear, break up, dissolve, like mercury, or mirage, before my eyes. . .

Lost mines, forgotten tribes. All the ingenious ways of getting along: horned lizard, jaguarundi, lynx, scorpion, maybe a last Pleistocene camel; saguaro, creosote bush, Joshua tree, yucca.

Boiled yucca root makes good soap. Rabbit fur, blankets, robes. Wild seeds milled on metate. Pre-Chappolote corn in incredible baskets. Peyotl for visions, and singing back in the canyons.

The road bumped on and on in my headlights, a long time, hours. It became more of a track than anything. The radio lost its thread of Top 40 from Tucson. Tucson radio is an interesting symptom of whatever is going on in America today: all the records are played at a noticeably faster speed than normal, frenetic, hungry, as if Tucson ran on amphetamines (and it may). At any rate, the Stones and, appropriately, "Can't Get No) Satisfaction," shrank into whistling static. I flicked it off.

An hour or so later I pulled over and stopped. It was sometime right on the edge of very late and very early. I was tired, my eyes burned from the bright day's driving. Third of a tank left, and no idea where I was. I felt the glass of the windshield: it was crystal cold, desert winter night. I crawled back over into the back of the bus, and into my down bag. Asleep in a moment.

I woke to a resplendent morning: wedge of almond

light—yellow- mint- gold- red- widening to fire between the black mountains and black sky. Last stars paling out, ice-cold.

Ate a couple of sections of orange, drank a swallow of lemonade from the bottle.

The whole East was garishly alit, Phantasmagoria of butane, mango, Aurora borealis. It was very cold, the cold of dawn.

I jumped over into the front seat, got the old bus going, and started off.

I remembered five, maybe six, forks and crossings I had passed the night before—but how they ran, no idea. So I headed on, away from the way I had come, into the desert. The road didn't get any worse: cut through a dry wash for a while, bounced up over a pebble drift, through whirlpools of fine white sand. . .

It got lighter. The shadows were fading back into objects. Earth and sky faded, into early morning colors.

The road climbed, gradually, into rockier country. Passed a rare, misplaced white pine. Wondered how the seed had gotten there, germinated. Maybe a sprouting cone from the last stands in the Sierras, in a bundle of sea otter hides bought by someone at the Colorado River trading camps, dropped here.

It was a bright, cool morning. The road switchbacked up through soda cliffs, wind-cut grotesques, streamlines, rookeries.

I found myself in a high basin around the time the gas gauge fell to the quarter mark: a high desert, ringed by more distant mountains.

I came to a signpost in the middle of that nowhere, arrows pointing off: Shigatse, Loss Pass, Agua Dulce. Agua Dulce sounded good. It was straight ahead, so I kept going.

Agua Dulce. Joshua trees and palms, green, over crystal pools of water. The green light danced everywhere.

An Indian lay in a hammock, smoking a long pipe of chrysopruse and bone. He exhaled a tapestry of smoke, and smiled. "Hello, I'm Atahualpa," he said. "Up visiting the Papagos." He was thin, tough, ascetic-looking, long Inca face.

There was an empty hammock, almost as if it was waiting for me, so I rolled into it. "This is the life," I said.

The cool light flickered over everything. Wind chimes,

translucent slivers of jade and volcanic glass, jingled above in the breeze. We passed the pipe back and forth. It was like lying in the heart of a rain cloud, I thought.

By the water, an Indian girl in rough cotton shift was combing out her long hair, humming, singing "It's Only Love" to herself. Another girl, septum pierced, a long, graceful bird bone flaring from her nostrils, slapped tortillas on a flat rock. A parrot screamed somewhere up in the palms.

"I get high when I see you. . ."

"I'll tell you a good Indian joke," Atahualpa said. "This man, Indian, was operated on by this doctor, for his appendix, three times. After the third time, the man asked, 'Doctor, how many appendixes do I have?' Doctor said, 'As long as you have the price, you'll have an appendix to be operated on,' " and he laughed and laughed, "That's that good old matter of fact Amerindian humor, gets me every time. Nothing like a good Indian joke," still laughing.

"Well, I'll tell you one. I read this one in an anthropology monograph, by one of the old mountain man ethnographers. He asked this old Paiute shaman what he thought about law and order, and the shaman said, 'I think it's a good idea to obey the law at all times—when the sheriff is around.' "

Atahualpa laughed again, pluming smoke. The girl who had been singing stopped long enough to smile.

Talked about the different ways of saying things. *Quipus*, patterns of knots tied in string, could say anything: star charts, Kamasutras, myths of Coyotl (down from the Great Plains), the idea of the Jade Pivot. *I Ching*, a whole cosmology of broken and unbroken line from the shell of a giant turtle out of the Huang Ho. Tibetan book, *The Wish-Fulfilling Gem*, printed from hand-carved blocks, with colored maps of the *chakras* of the human spine, whole thing bound in heavy teak with the appropriate blessings.

The way of doing the *quipu* was lost with the end of the Incas.

"Did you know that Shigatse has fallen?" I asked.

"Oh yes," Atahualpa said. "I heard everyone was

going to be programmed, processed like cheese."

Lost track. Atahualpa went to get a drink of water; fell asleep there on his belly, from too much smoke, his face just above the water, breath blossoming on the tight skin of the water, silver.

The jade light beat everywhere, it was more like the sea than a cloud. Breath, ripples spread across the water, disappeared.

I woke up in the middle of a dream, a dream about a tree full of birds and bells, just a fragment. . .

I got all mixed up in a dream again: still in the desert, but a ghost town, under a sky full of bright white clouds. Something grey, humped up, studded with pebbles and gravel, in the street.

I went into "The Great Western Saloon." "What's that out there in the street?" I asked.

The old chinwhiskered man behind the bar squinted, said, "That's a glacier, son. The dang thing crawled down out of the Growler Mountains, lookin for a rock to push, years ago. Ran out of steam out there, and been there every since. Course, he's all covered with dust now, can't really see him good." He talked almost exactly like Gabby Hayes. "Here, I'll show you another one, came down back in '92. This one was a mite fierce, we had to lure him into the closet with a line of smooth pebbles, glacier just can't resist havin a good rock to push."

We went to the back of the saloon. "Make it a quick look," he said, undoing the latch on a heavy wooden door. "Don't want the critter loose again." He threw open the door: a great whoosh of cold air, and something bright, gelid, blue-green, glittering back in there, in the darkness. It seemed to move, to edge slyly. The old man slammed the door, and latched it. "Yep, that's a fierce one in there," he said, shaking his head with an air of satisfaction.

"What do you have to drink?" I asked, back at the bar.

"Taos Lightening, Mexican beer, mescal- champagne, mostly for the girls upstairs," with a wink—

"I'll have a beer, thanks."

"One beer, here it is." He clonked the bottle down on the counter, flicking the cap off and away in a great arc out the door. I looked at the label: no writing, but a florid

artistic representation of a tropical rain forest, in meticulous detail, with parrots, monkeys, a pendant sloth, a tapir. An Indian leaned out from behind a tree, spear poised to throw. His target was a rotund, rather sanctimonious looking friar, eyes rolled up to heaven, holding a Crucifix and rosary. It was hard to tell the sympathies of the artist, whether they were Catholic or pagan. I wished the artist had done a sequel: the Indian, spear disgarded, kneeling before the friar, both of them surrounded by a supernatural light; or, preferably, the friar speared, and the Indian whooping triumphantly.

"Say, I'll tell you a good joke I'll bet you've never heard," the old man said. "It's the Great Joke of the Old West.

"This poor saddletramp's out of work and flat broke, see, and he rides into the worst town in the Old West, looking for a job. Well, it turns out the only job open is a the saloon. The saloon owner says, 'Listen, I'll be honest with you. This is the worst job in the world, because this is the roughest town in the world, and this is the only saloon in town. Every Friday, the Circle X boys ride into town. They're the meanest characters in history, and they hate bartenders more than anything else. They're bad enough.

"But if you ever hear that Big Mike's in town—or anywhere near town—just clear out, get as far away from here as you can.' And with that, the saloon owner runs out the door, yells, 'I'll mail you your pay,' and rides away into the sunset.

"Well, the first couple of days don't go too bad—middle of the week, quiet. Game of checkers going on in the corner, they haven't made a move in six months. But Friday afternoon at three there's a thunder of horses and sound of shooting, and the doors fly open, and in tumble the Circle X boys, armed to the teeth. They go through a case of Taos Lightening in less than a minute, then they begin total warfare on each other. Knives are flying, air's full of lead, and the poor bartender just hides behind the bar.

"In the middle of all this, an old prospector appears in the door—dusty, gold pan in one hand, hat dark with native silver, he's all encrusted with minerals—talks in a creaky, slow voice—says, 'Big Mike's comin to town.'

"The place is empty in three seconds. The Circle X boys jump into spittoons and roll out the door, go out the

windows, disappear. But the bartender's so scared he can't move a step, just stands there shaking.

"Into town comes a huge, gross man, *Ursus horribilis*, beard full of Great Snowy Owls, riding a wild bull buffalo. Cutlass in his belt, half dozen muskets on his back, mountain lion for a pack animal. He's chewing Papago tobacco, worst in the Western Hemisphere, cut with Jimson Weed.

"Pulls up in front of the saloon, jumps down off the buffalo. Comes up to the saloon, knocks the doors open, they fly off the hinges and explode into dust. He walks in—leaves footprints right in the wood floor, seismic shocks for a thousand miles—up to the bar. Yells 'WHISKEY!'

"The bartender's shaking so hard he doesn't know what to do. But he manages to get a bottle of the house special out: 300 year old mescal, big green worm floating on the top. 'O-on the house,' he quavers.

"The gross Titan takes the bottle, bites the top off it, spits the glass out molten. The he drinks the mescal down, worm and all. Throws the bottle over his shoulder.

"The bartender says, 'Would you like another drink, sir?'

" 'Nope—nope, can't stay. Big Mike's comin to town.' "

"I tried to sell it to television, for a series," the old man said, sadly. "Even offered to star in it myself. But they never wrote me back."

The empty highway stretched forever in both directions, in the drab light of dawn. Mountains floating on the horizons.

Clouds had crawled up over the sky, a grey day in America. . .

—Roy Schultheiss

eye - opener

hold th window open
with yr head - yu do

together, with th
world as it is, th night
air never does cease
to gather unto our light
th sound thru

on th horizon, we see
it is such horizons dissolve, thread
th eye into

yes, all

yu hear th cars on speed, yu say
it is th sound th sea makes yr ear
unfolding, care

thread thread thread
thread thread thread thread thread
foot thread thread thread thread
thread thread thread thread shell
thread thread thread thread thread
thread stone thread thread thread
thread thread thread thread thread

thread thread thread thread thread

all
th waves
is
you

thread such jewel into th night
air, you dissolve into yr hand, it
is th light that holds yu, is yu
th thread, together is th world, th
night air is not to cease, is how
yu hold th needle to eye
as beam th cars continuing speed
th night air is th world turning
, gathering all ways into one
eye

no, not th camera
you - dissolve
into one zone

yes, th camera dissolves
with you into love, we see it is th same
eye
, is the sea's
eye - one

"In my father's house
are many mansions;
if it were not so I
would have told you. . ."

—St. John 14.2

what is this love covrd with
blindness, th existence of th
imagined union, conjurd

th signs, sun ovr snow,
bright yellow, blue, cud
yu only do nothing as yu

are so humbled by that god
yu held to be unnecessary
now only is yr witness constant

epic, look out th window,
here, they keep changin' us
from tier to tier, events

thus created sustain th illusion
reality affords othr than
th roman meter these lines

endorse, th insane loves
of th caesars, from th book
Thorton Wilder's, Ides of March

thats 3 guys on this tier now
whose mother-in laws refuse
to let their wives visit

even this building is condemnd

th love is outside, remembered
this dream, is real, present, is
a misunderstanding that sustains,

consoles, creates a life othr
than th living of it, is perhaps
th only fuckan aristocracy, rescued

from th reflective boredom
of our present state is
truly all in no one's mind

either way, as if what yu decide
to feel determines th turns
taken of such blinding flow

who dusint lie as especially
(liberal) indignation becums
an impossibility, when

as life/death is also absurdity,
yu sit behind bars, turning to
endless vapors, huh

heres that crook sprung
back home, just wait'll i
get to scoop him again

it's all one school, and if(learn,nut)
yu are aggressive so are th screws
so, cool it, we're all part of this

historical mistake, even love
may now be possible, tho, don't
hold yr breath, be seein' ya,

mother earth

both th prosecutor at th last sentencing
nd Louis Dudek at th Poets Conference in T.O.
sd if he's any good as a poet he'll write just

as well inside jail as on th street:
i think this is a lousy pome,
what do yu think, shit-head reader.

where do yu think yu are, heaven(already)

jan/69
oakalla prison farm

whats that yuve got round yr neck th big heavy
bull yelld down at th groovy stond kid hed
just thrown down on th cement floor
of th van. city bucket kickin' his nuts cummin'
up in th elevator with us that nite he sz
sure feel like kickin' sum one's nuts in tonite
nd th stond kid say just wait'll yu read th
star weekly in 3 weeks after i been strippd
nd searchd in th below freezing snow on th
beach at english bay havin' been hauld
out of th VW is this legal i askd stallin'
what are yu a part-time lawyer trubul with
yu dissenters is yu read part of a subversive
civil liberties pamphlet nd ya think yu
know th law later we joshd round a bit
bout whether theyd need a mountie to search
a mobile home well he really wasint that
bad but meanwhile later back at th bucket
th big heavy bull sd whats that ya got round yr
neck to th stond kid still on th floor with
no nuts left ta speak of yr st. christopher's
medal eh RIPP so yu want it at th
othr end of th floor yu crawl for it
punk crawl which he did while th bull kickd
him nd th othr bulls laffd it up question
duz a country get th police force it deserves
do most peopul live in such fear while in th
investigation room we ate sum blue bail papers from
a previous bust so i cud say i had no record crash th
bull threwn th kid back into th elevator head first
nd we shovd th rest of th blue paper into th radiator
just in time

feb 3/69
—bill bissett

POEMS FROM
"WYOMING GIRLS SCHOOL"
SHERIDAN, WYOMING

(Note: This is a reform school for girls 13-18 years old.)

STARS ARE BRIGHT

Stars are bright. A moment
has gone by. It seems
like a moment of love. It
strikes just like that.
I watch the stars go by.
Just as the stars have gone,
day has come. The day has
gone. And the night has
come and the stars are out.
Stars are bright. Again.

alone in a room

alone in a room all alone Nothing
to do Thinking what to do and
not what to do
It is just like a dream a bad one
it goes and comes

—Debbie Johnson

As I sit in a lonely room,
Staring into faces filled with gloom.
A question of love running down my face,
I sing of him in this depressing place.
Why must I be here,
Why must I stay.
Please dear God take my blues away,
Send me some love through a sunshine ray.
Dear God Dear God I beg I pray,
I love him and need him bring him back today.
Why must I go on feeling so sad,
I love him, I love him, is that so bad.
I'll be here forever and that is a fact,
I love him I need him I want to go back.
By the time I'm out of this place,
He'll be with that redhead, Grace.
How can I go on,
Knowing this all along.
I'd like to set him free,
Just thinking about it hurts me.
Dear God please forgive me if I'm wrong I pray,
But my intention is love and he's my day.
So tell all your brothers if love comes your way,
Don't mess it around, it's here to stay.
Remember this poem if you're feeling down,
I loved my Billy but I messed him around.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER

The cold wind blows,
As the soft snow flows.
The whispering grass brushing the air,
I love that man and his windblown hair.
Tall and built a beautiful man,
I love him so we walk hand in hand.
The soft sunshine on his face,
Everyday we met at this place.
A valley so green and low,
Where people like us come and go.
The winter is here and like all the others
We stay at home with our sister and brothers.
But when summer comes around,
We'll meet on that ground.

Like always,
We'll love one another.

ON THE ROAD

I walk along the lonely highway,
 Nobody is coming up my way.
 I check my watch,
 It's a quarter to five.
 This cigarette lost its flavor,
 Sure glad the wind's in my favor.
 I'm somewhere in California,
 Look at that rabbit,
 Someone's coming up the road,
 Hope he'll help me with my load.
 Looks like some far-out heads,
 WOW! a bunch of reds.
 Did a couple of fixes.
 Reds are the best out west,
 Where the grass grows thick and fine.
 Nature is popping up all over the place,
 Now, nobody knocks the Black race.
 All that barbed wire marking off the land,
 America the beautiful is as sick as the man.
 Killing and fighting is all they think of,
 We can't be equal one got to be above.
 They wonder why we rebel,
 Can't you understand this forbidden hell.
 The air is so polluted, you can't see the sun.
 Fish dying every day,
 Wastes always going their way.
 I move around to see the life,
 Can't stand to be a caged-up wife.
 Need someone to tie me down,
 But nobody has succeeded in my part of town.

—Debbi Myers

"The New Ways Are Here"

There are vibrations coming from over the hill
 They are preparing for the fight that is to come
 Wondering when it's to come
 We know that they are getting stronger
 But we are stronger yet
 We don't want to fight
 But who wants to die just because we won't fight back
 I won't fight, they are equal
 I hear them coming
 It's time for me to die

—Johnel Kadrmas

(To Iris, and all my People)

There are war drums
over the hill.
You can't hear them,
but they're there.
They're getting louder every beat.
Our warriors are getting stronger.
The young are going back to
the old ways.
We're getting our pride back.
When we do put our war paint on
there won't be any more white cats.
There are war drums over the hill.
You can't hear them.
But we can feel the vibrations.

—Celeste Sloan

QUESTION OF SPACE

A field of stars on a sheet of black satin.
suspended
No time, light years to infinity
never-ending
It blows my high. to think of no end
what is it?
No answers from the wise
no replies
Weightlessness and gravitational pull
beyond my grasp
It is a question of space.

CAGED

So you've got me in a cage now, don't you?
You've taken my freedom, and people that love me too.
You can lock up my body, and I will play your role,
Maybe that's what you want, but you'll never get my soul.
I'll never be happy till I can go where my mind longs to be,
That is in the house of tomorrow, where you can't follow me.
I've got my dreams so I can still smile and look ahead,
Except for the present in here, my mind and soul are dead.
So you can imprison my being, but not my heart,
Cause it's way beyond your reach, and you can't take it apart.
Don't forget you are of yesterday, and I of tomorrow,
Don't try to make me like you, it will just bring us sorrow.

DON'T KID YOURSELF

Phony laughter echoes down the halls,
Moves up by the ceiling, bounces off the walls.
Every gesture planned to please minds so unreal,
Playing games all day long for hearts that are of steel.
Human souls are degraded,
Memories to be faded.
No time now to feel love,
Time so short, you push and shove.
Roving eyes search for small mistakes,
Landing on you, giving your nerves the shakes.
Dark corners possess eye and ears
One small slip me and you have fears.
Jumping you from place to place,
A big gameboard . . . you with tears on your face.
Movements as fake as polished chrome,
But inside, you hide all alone.
Don't lose your only true soul and heart,
Don't let them see inside at the end or start.

In that drawer, all is shoved
towards the front, none towards the
back.

Thoughts quiver and shake to
burst in fuschia explosions from the
self-contained cinnamon promise-clock.
Cracks grow upon the wall and enter into
my people.

To find that the inside isn't
locked, but encrusted with flashy
golden images, and birds.

Sink lower to the bottom where
long metal teeth grate against
the soul. . . and make it bloody

and raw. Oh man, you make me feel real
Razors of stone smooth blue reflect
all. A watermelon haze gives your
eyes a taste of green peace. And
98¢ bath bubbles cushion the perilous
maze of lemon and lime dreams
long since dead and moldy.

A flavorful fog of tiny stars rises
to cover all and string themselves
among gnarled tree fingers.

And I stumble into the inner-
realization of red velvet book
covers and

old stained windowsills of
times to come. Then I shall see
you, my Willie as always, in the keyhole
corridor.

—Judi Stefek

SOME ASPECTS OF PRISON

—for frank rios

1.

no one knows who invented this machine
 the origins of its rituals are obscure
 tho by now fairly clear in outline

among the initiates & priests who serve it
 the meaning of their gestures
 even the name of the god for whom it functions
 are matters of constant dispute & explication

the machine shows no concern with definitions
 its only interest is that its needs be met
 & while the bewildered ritualists change names & costumes
 add or subtract a dance, change a title, shift scenes
 this activity does not interfere with its feeding

the rituals are all directed to its primary hunger
 a constant flow of humans is ingested
 the way to speak of this is always changing
 the history of the priestly inner power struggles
 revolves around this central ritual gesture

the machine shows no concern with definitions
 a constant human flow is ingested

on questions of analysis of the machine's precise hungers
 the central historical file contains no data
 all ingested matter is prepared
 without regard to nourishment potential
 equally & accurately according to established practice
 (the origins of its rituals are obscure
 the machine shows no concern with definitions)

2. Departmental Memorandum

To: All Concerned
 From: B. Thoren Wallow, Coordinator of PIMP Activities
 Subject: First PIMP Studies

Due to an increased focus of attention on the heretofore self-contained linear continuum of gestures & activities now known within the discipline of Statistical Re-Acculturation as Machinology, coupled with the contra-departmental inner structural governing trend toward re-examination & objective verification of socio-functionalistic responses on an institutional as well as a numerical basis, in compliance with Executive Policy Statement 120001.17B, Page 304, Paragraph 6, Sub-Heading A, to undertake, without prejudice to, for, or against any existing ritual, tradition, title, name, organization, goal of worship or intention, in full cooperation with those dedicated acolytes who are now & have been & will, so far as in foreseeable continue to the exclusive techno-guardians & idealogues, or as they might be referred to under the Revised SocioVocabularism, Machinologist, to study Machinological implications, said study was so undertaken—as outlined in the above cited Policy Statement as well as Operations Memorandum 74103.3—with specific attentions to be paid to the

necessity of each & all actions, regulations, & existing structures in relationship to the overall total functioning of the Machine, with investigational sub-committees including experts from all concerned fields & governmental departments whose aim shall be to weigh the value of each & all existing structure, actions, regulations, in terms of their contribution to the ultimate goals of the Machine, & of Machinology. The whole to be coordinated under the title of, & hereinafter referred to as: Planned Imperative Machinological Programming (PIMP).

From an undertaking of this magnitude & significance we can expect continually extended insight-stimulation for a number of years, with all the information eventually to be computed in terms of Rationalized Reaction Projection & published in a series of volumes edited by eminent & loyal scholars in their respective fields.

The first of these data-accumulations is now being readied for finalization on the basis of impact & orientation desensitivity verification responses.

Headed by Aurthur J. F. Hilzenker, Professor of Abstract Individuation at the Pentagon's Psyche-Agression Institute for Advanced Usage Potential, this group reaches one of its many illuminating perceptions in the conclusion that, with regard to the numerically tabulated non-technical population enclosed within the machine, in terms of simple social values as well as basic positive channelization of animal—that is to say, human/animal, in its most patriotic sense—satisfactions, it is quite clear that, as a result of the efforts of the hereditary techno-dedicated machinologists, the traditions which they bring to their service, & the effect of such interaction on the machine as a whole, as well as the machinological inter-effectuation, this group of former un-citizens representing a collective absence of enhanced self-evaluation, is, in fact, the undisputed beneficiary of the combined skills of a functioning, if perhaps somewhat archaic, Machinology.

As, Dr. Hilzenker puts it, with his customary clarity: "Pre-PIMP—function negative disturbance communication prognosis. Post-PIMP—Programs re-desemanticization negative reverse investigations, including those now effectuating the Machine."

3.

the guardians & the fodder live
within the physical limits of the machine
as tho there were no machine enclosing
as tho the total world had reached
that shape in organic growth
the shape of their reality

their movements, their speech, their energies
take form within the form of the machine
(whose only interest is that its needs be met)

4. The Guardians

the machine is intended
to glorify the gods
in which case all the learned gestures
of ritual unimpeachable
take on that glorification. & are meaningful.

or, perhaps:

the machine is the inventor & protector of social stability
 activities acceptable to the rituals
 & all partaking of those ritual actions
 share that birth & protecting. & are meaningful.

or, perhaps:

no one knows the inventor of the machine
 his anonymous concept functions as he built it to function
 more we need not know. all traditional responses
 become a part of the machine
 with no more self awareness than any other part of the machine
 & take their meaning from
 the meaning of the machine to the machine

thus they build arguments & counter-structures
 while carrying on the functions of their service

their rituals ultimately center
 around the human herd they process & direct
 but they have been forbidden all knowledge of the needs they satisfy
 & so are forced to deal with questions of meaning
 (the machine shows no concern for meaning)

they see their mission as the transformation of these faceless numbers
 into beings who satisfy the ultimate intention of the machine

there are among them many fanatics
 obsessed men who have
 received a vision
 made a discovery
 had a revelation
 logically concluded
 the true Name & purpose
 of the machine

the young are irritated, & claw
 thru lines of greedy, rigid elders
 & by denying each other's revelations
 maintain dispute, & doubt, & reappraisal

this struggle, this flux
 tho not lessening their attentions to their duties
 makes it impossible for them to be sure of meaning

the machine shows no concern for definitions
 its only interest is that its needs be met
 a constant flow of humans is ingested

5. The Human Flow

the people are here because the machine is hungry
 tho they know no more of this than do their guardians
 not knowing, they must, as tho they knew
 survive. or not survive. it is known some survive

(perhaps all are not equally appetizing
where there are so many the machine need not be gluttonous)

the history of this crowd of food
is hidden
as are the histories of the priests, the words, the machine itself
but the machine has the solidity of its own structure
the continuity of their functioning contains the guardians
the humans in their rhythms feed, but do not remember

there is an immediate recognition of danger
no man knows, as he walks
who next will be stricken, blinded, maddened
minds are withered, bodies broken, souls plucked out
seemingly at malicious random

the disputes at this level
are not over names
but over theories of effective action

if seven left leg limpers
were spared under the half-moon
while sixty one others were devoured
the left leg limp acquires manna

there is a great body of such beliefs
all magical in intention
they permeate the herd like seasoning

& none are reliable. some survive.
cd he sing? more song appears. & then
the singers are taken

was he servile? the boots of the guardians
shine brite under the slobber tongues
then three out of four footsuckers are taken

was he repentant? comes forth numerous sinners, loudly wailing
& all the saved, the safe ones, are taken

most find they are forced to depend on
quick footwork, peripheral vision, alertness, an ear for the rhythms
they find little security. most of them, also
the machine eats

in all its timeless history of unbroken feeding
no portion of that flow has discovered

& passed on any awareness
of what they bring to the machine
the humans in their rhythms feed, but do not remember

not knowing they are machine-food
they blame the priests & guardians
who, not knowing they are only machine feeders no matter what they name their rituals
blame the animals they herd

the machine knows no concern with definition
its only interest is that its needs be met
a constant flow of humans is ingested.

—stuart z perkoff
15/16.feb.68

THE FB EYE BLUES
(1949)

That old FB eye
Tied a bell to my bed stall
Said old FB eye
Tied a bell to my bed stall
Each time I love my baby,
gover'nment knows it all.

Woke up this morning
FB eye under my bed
Said I woke up this morning
FB eye under my bed
Told me all I dreamed last night,
every word I said.

Everywhere I look, Lord
I see FB eyes
Said every place I look, Lord
I find FB eyes
I'm getting sick and tired
of gover'nment spies.

My mama told me
A rotten egg'll never fry
Said my mama told me
A rotten egg'll never fry
And everybody knows
a cheating dog'll never thrive

Got them blues, blues, blues
Them mean old FB eye blues
Said I got them blues, blues, blues
Them dirty FB eye blues
Somebody tell me something,
some good news.

If he'd been a snake, Lord
He'd a jumped up and bit me
Said if he'd been a snake, Lord
He'd a jumped up and bit me
But old FB eye just hauled off
and hit me.

Now kittens like milk
And rats love cheese
Said Kittens like milk
And rats sure love their cheese
Wonder what FB eye loves,
crawling on his knees?

Grasshopper likes to spit
In a bloodhound's eye
Said a grasshopper likes to spit
In a bloodhound's eye
Lord, let that grasshopper
meet the FB eye.

Breaks my heart in two, Lord
And I just can't forget
Said it breaks my heart, Lord
And I just can't forget
Old jealous FB eye
ain't ended yet.

LETTER FROM AN ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN TO THE BERKELEY COPS

I'm ugly to you
but my old lady thinks
i'm beautiful
the difference goes back to
the first time the smooth
men beat the hairy men
and said sasquatch bigfoot yeti
hippie whatever
go get high
in the mountains
and don't come back down
cause we own everything now
and we went bag and baggage
muttering about pot and pottage
but you were so hung up on
law and order
you had to send stiff lip english
heroes to look at our tracks
and they said let's bust the
abominable motherfuckers
but we fooled you and came
to berkeley
and telegraph was one of our
high places
and i thought it was the last
place i'd ever rest
it may look uninhabited to
you but to me it's home or at
least where i wait around
for what's going to happen
to happen

And then you sent armed minstrels
in black masks
to give us an old song and dance
about whose land we were on
and you said
disperse
and we said we'd love to, man
but we've already dispersed
to here
from all the other places you've
thrown us out of
where can we go
except maybe to your bed
which you ought to be home in
and i bet some really abominable
demonstrations go on there
but while i was talking you were
busy in LA which you also say
you own putting the products of
your smog factories into cans

and you throw the cans at us
 and i could see it was another
 burn
 and i saw a green light
 in the sky
 fade in the west
 and thought that means go
 and i went and hid
 in a reflex action
 you started directing traffic around
 your new territory

You've taken my tien shan my beautiful
 brownshingle maybeck mountain and
 turned it to real estate and you say
 the mountain is yours because you
 own the land it stands on
 and now the hills are pink stucco with
 parking underneath free as long as
 the rent is in on time
 you've cornered the market on land
 and you're aiming for people now
 but watch us
 we're peaceful creatures but
 even the most abominable among us will
 fight if cornered
 remember you domestic shorthair cats
 mountains outlast laws
 someday you'll use up your ammo
 your guns will hang limp
 and it won't be long now
 all the land used up
 all the games played
 and you'll roll over
 and like your stupid permits
 expire
 and then the green light will shine
 for us
 and we will come down
 and replant a few old gardens
 where you will push up all kinds of
 groovy daisies

Some of those avenue mountaineers
 are only human like you
 they look ready to flip their lids
 turn on a revolution
 and take away your jobs

But who wants your job anyway
 all we want is your world

Any way you cut it you guys fucked up.

Love
 the abominable snowman

DOSTOEVSKY AND THE POSSESSED

Sun-worshippers had more sense than we. They revered something organic and necessary to flesh and bone. We give our faith to the State. Day by day the modern world confirms Dostoevsky's Grand Inquisitor in his estimate of man. Beyond Germany, Russia, and Italy, men take bread for freedom, "miracle, mystery, and authority" for faith, and Caesarism for the "universal state." In terror we face this world, but subtly and pathetically we ignore that alternative even our apologist, the Inquisitor, cannot—the fearful burden of individual free choice in the knowledge of good and evil. The war of our time is not Democracy against Fascism, the Church against Communism, but the authority of Man against the authority of the State. The Inquisitor is right—man finds it easier to give his authority away, first to the Church and now to the State. But he gives it away always at his own peril and to his own destruction. His body and his spirit dies. Today man is horrified by the smell of both corruptions.

Ours is the Karamazov way. As to old Karamazov, "everything is lawful." Fearfully, Dostoevsky sensed the disintegration in man and society. Seventy-five years ago he watched our world turning away from man to the State and set down, in his novels and in *The Diary of a Writer*, a contrary vision of life. By his "cursed questioning" he prophetically anticipated, asked and sought to answer the very questions we are lost in. No man ever knew man's power of dispersion and will to violence better than Dostoevsky. Infinitely aware of the breadth and depth of man's nature, he admitted the need of discipline. He did not seek it, as we have, outside man. Dostoevsky put his faith in, and made his demands on individual man.

Dostoevsky accepted Christ's ethics. Christianity is as essential to his work as Catholicism was to Dante's. It is a Christianity burned clean by one of man's great minds, forged anew through the creative consciousness of an exceptional artist, and restored as a weapon to man. Dostoevsky did for the modern world what Christ did for the Roman: he gave man back his authority, and through Christ offered him the ways to exercise it. He himself only accomplished this dynamic reconception by a wrestling like Jacob's with the Angel. He wrote in one of his notebooks:

It was not as a child that I learnt to believe in Christ and confess his faith. My Hosanna has burst forth from a huge furnace of doubt.

"The Legend of the Grand Inquisitor" is the testament of the struggle. After his, Jacob halted upon his thigh. Look into Dostoevsky's face in the Perov portrait, painted while *The Possessed* was in progress. A brand lies upon the temple, and the cheek and mouth are scorched. The mark is there, and the blessing. The delicate skin and the eyes bespeak hosanna. A woman in his magazine office saw that face one June night turn up to the tender summer sky as he urged upon her what glory and torment it was to speak to people of the worlds beyond this. His arms woo'd the sky away, his eyes lifted altars, and his voice, bursting chains, cried out: "To other worlds." Call him Israel. He included in *The Possessed* that lovely, strange, misunderstood remark of his:

If anyone could prove that Christ is outside the truth, and if the truth really did exclude Christ, I should prefer to stay with Christ, and not with the truth.

From Dresden in 1870 while he was brooding over *The Possessed* he confessed to Maikov:

The chief question by which, consciously or unconsciously, I have been tormented all my life, is the existence of God.

In that hunger of the spirit of the man, all his turning against liberalism and 2 plus 2 equals 4 science, all his reaching for Christ lies wrapped.

The Possessed has raised more questions than any other novel, and whatever answers have been offered only question Dostoevsky's success with his materials and with his conception. More and more attention has been given to *The Possessed* in recent years, perhaps just because Dostoevsky is dealing in it directly with things we and our States are faced with—revolution and the agents of revolution. The book was published in 1872 and thus comes in the middle of his mature career, after *Crime and Punishment* and *The Idiot*, and before *The Raw Youth* and *The Brothers Karamazov*. His contemporaries, both liberals and radicals, dismissed the treatment of social revolt in the book as anachronistic and malicious. Today it is found conservative or reactionary. Stavrogin remains as much an enigma as Dostoevsky's dialectic of revolution. And *The Possessed* will continue to be a failure and a puzzle, two books instead of one, a political pamphlet and a philosophical novel, just so long as we refuse to take seriously in our own world the ineluctable identity of personal and social evil. For it is precisely that identity Dostoevsky considered absolute, governed as he was by spirit: to him the exaction upon man in society is the same as that upon man in solitude. Out of this concept *The Possessed* was written and in it lies the secret of the novel's unity, that which binds the story of Stavrogin and the study of revolution together.

The Possessed is Dostoevsky's Sodom and Gomorrah: all is laid waste. It is a blood tragedy without redemption. Think of the violence of death with which the book culminates—all like swine are run violently down a steep place into the lake and are choked. Only Satan remains alive to walk the earth: Peter the conspirator lives. But Shatov is murdered, and so are the Cripple and her drunken Falstaff of a brother; Kirillov is a suicide, Lisa is horribly destroyed, Shatov's wife and Stavrogin's child are dead, and Stavrogin, the citizen of the canton of Uri, is hanging there behind the door. All, all drowned in a lake of blood. A most horrible tragedy, against which a feeble old man, Stephen Trofimovitch, alone raises his voice, only himself to die.

We also are as lost as Dostoevsky's people. Like them we feel we are possessed of devils. We sense a presence of evil so sharply we instantly recognize our own human fear in the hearts of the German people when we learn they never refer to Goebbels by name but always speak of him as "der kleine Teufel." We have gone so much farther than the world contemporary with Dostoevsky we do not need, as he did, the parable from Luke on the Demoniac of Gadara to create his symbol and his title. Our demoniac of Bavaria is alive and active and a palpable fact we are confronted by every midnight broadcast and every morning paper. And we sense though we cannot, perhaps dare not name other devils, men with umbrellas, men with mitres, men with guns. But what we do not know is how to exorcise our devils, how to save ourselves from the destruction Dostoevsky visits upon his possessed.

To Dostoevsky the answers lie deeper than the Hitlers and the Goebbels. In *The Possessed* he examined such devils in the person of Peter Verhovensky and his conspirators, and anticipated much knowledge we have had forced on us by the events of the years since the first world war and of the year of the present war. For example, in the person and "system" of Shigalev, Dostoevsky exposed the authoritarian necessity of all statism:

Starting from unlimited freedom, I arrive at unlimited despotism. . . . Everything shall be reduced to a common denominator. Complete equality. . . . Absolute, submission—no individuality whatsoever. All the slaves are equal in their slavery. . . . The first thing to do is to lower the level of education, science, and ability.

And Dostoevsky saw another face of the modern revolutionary state—its religious claims. The arch-conspirator Peter cries: "A new religion is coming instead of the old one." Dostoevsky profoundly perceived that it is actually man and not the state who is finally attached. To him only a hideous leveling of man can come when revolution establishes itself "on the elements of science and reason." What he sensed and what we know is that the modern revolutionary state denies the dignity and the value of individual human personality. It only rises upon the destruction of the individual. And so Peter Verhovensky is right when he calls "shame at having any opinion of one's own" the most important element of the revolution, "the cement that binds everything together." Success comes to the revolution and such agents of revolution as a Peter Verhovensky of a Hitler when man forsakes himself.

That conclusion Dostoevsky drew. He found the disintegration of society a consequent of man's disintegration and not a cause. He pushed his attention beyond the enemies of man to man himself. To Dostoevsky the real danger does not lie in the devils outside ourselves. It is not finally the revolution or the revolutionaries whom Dostoevsky fears, but the prostration in man out of which Verhovenskys and Shigalevs, Hitlers and Stalins are spawned and by which they grow. So, in *The Possessed*, it is not the conspirators who dominate the book but their victims. Dostoevsky sets out to show why the victims, even to the pure in heart, allow themselves to be destroyed. They are victims not because of any real power in the conspirators but because of the lack of power in themselves. They are caught in a greater web than the web of revolution—the web of apathy. It is Stavrogin, of all the people in the novel, who is most sick. He is the disease, He is disintegration, our disintegration. In Stavrogin, Dostoevsky names us.

Dostoevsky imagines Stavrogin a soiled man, and makes him the center of the book so firmly the book actually turns upon him and has its being through him. He is the novel as Hamlet the play. Stavrogin is what the conspirator Peter calls him, "the sun," the source of the book's life. All the women except the bible-peddler exist only through their relations with him—his mother, his wife the cripple, Statov's wife who bears Stavrogin's child, Shatov's sister Darya, Stavrogin's mistress, and Lisa who finally gives herself to Stavrogin. And all the men of the book but Stephen Trofimovitch likewise—in the chapter called "Night," Kirillov, Shatov and Peter Verhovensky all admit he is their source. As Stavrogin passes from one to the other through that night of rain and mud all reveal themselves as his creatures, almost faces of himself, generated by him. Not so much generated perhaps, but set and fixed as though hypnotized by a snake, for once established by Stavrogin they cannot free themselves from his influence and come to suffer from his nature.

Stavrogin is complex, possibly the most compacted character Dostoevsky ever created. He is all three of the Karamazov brothers in one skin: he has all that is sensual in the lustiness of Dmitri, all the intellect of Ivan, and even some of Alyosha's tenderness of spirit—what Peter called Stavrogin's "simple-heartedness and naivete." But he has none of each's counterpoise. Arrogant, and impotent from more than ennui, Stavrogin annuls himself. Compare him, in all his power, to the people of his own world. He never lives upon his pulse as Shatov does: Shatov's blow upon Stavrogin's face is a more significant, whole and vital gesture than all the violent career of Stavrogin himself. Shatov, Darya, Lisa love: Stavrogin cannot. Unlearned is his old teacher Stephen's lesson of the heart. Even as a destroyer Stavrogin is never as purposeful as the engine of hate, Peter. Nor can he die like Kirillov, by a sustained act of self.

Consider him when Peter, in a frenzy like Satan's, offers Stavrogin, a mock Christ, all the land and power stretching out from the Mountain. "You are my idol. Ivan the Tsarevitch. You! You!" Peter's kiss, Peter's prostration: "Verhovensky besought, implored." But Stavrogin is both without temptation and, unlike Christ, without answer: "Stavrogin wondered smiling." For Stavrogin exists without self-generation, a still point in a horribly turning world.

That temptation is a parable of our time. For the world turns and Stavrogin, though he did not yield to the large temptation, did not answer it and, as a result, he becomes a silent accomplice in Peter's and the conspirators' murder of Shatov.

When dictators offer us states in return for our manhood we too wonder smiling, fail to answer, the world turns, and there's Guernica. For the world always turns and the Stavrogins do not move. Why? Because the essence of a Stavrogin is neuter. He is his world's sun, but a sun without a fire and heat of its own. He gives life to others but in himself there is finally no life. He cannot generate himself. And in that immobility lies a further horrible truth—all those separate lives which he dominates when they cross each other, destroy each other. Up to a point he creates, but he creates only finally to destroy. His light is black. And it is just because he does nothing that they destroy each other. They cancel out because he, in his neutrality, lends life to the evil as well as to the good. For Stavrogin is without choice, thus he is without direction and thus he and his world are destroyed. Ultimately, *The Possessed* is a horrible puppetry, the tragedy of the inert, the neuter, the ahuman:

I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot:
I would thou wert cold or hot.
So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold
nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth.

Stavrogin knew himself so pathetically well he did finally do what he thought he ought to do—"brush myself off the earth like a nasty insect." His letter to Darya before his suicide poses the problem of himself clearly:

I am still capable, as I always was, of desiring to do something good, and of feeling pleasure from it; at the same time I desire evil and feel pleasure from that too. But both feelings are always too petty, and are never very strong. My desires are too weak; they are not enough to guide me.

He has one power—Stavrogin can state Stavrogin:

Even negation has not come from me. Everything has always been petty and spiritless.

His last sight is a moan:

Indignation and shame I can never feel, therefore not despair.

He has divulged himself, but because he knows no other answer than himself, he dies, and brings all the world of *The Possessed* down.

Why can he not deliver himself over to life? Why can he not shed his inanition? Why must this sensually hot and intellectually cold man remain lukewarm? Why, no matter what extraordinary power he has and no matter what generation he gives others, must he be destructive of himself and all others? Why must Stavrogin forever remain outside both heaven and hell, upon a Dark Plain, under the starless air, one of Dante's Trimmers? Because he refuses to exercise what Dostoevsky regarded as that essential and precious human power—"the freedom of choice in the knowledge of good and evil." Dostoevsky, like the Prisoner Christ whom the Grand Inquisitor confronts, exalted such freedom "above everything else" and in Stavrogin he portrays the most abominable abdication of the right of such freedom. Choice is the first and last necessity of life. To choose is to take up the burden of life. But Stavrogin is suspended. He can take up neither burden of faith nor the

burden of the denial of faith. Kirillov, the man who denied God and killed himself to prove himself the man-god, bared Stavrogin's tragedy in these words:

If Stavrogin has faith, he does not believe that he has faith. If he hasn't faith, he does not believe he hasn't.

Stavrogin is a Trimmer, unable, in Dante's words, to rebel from God or be faithful to him, one of the caitiffs:

che non furon ribelli,
ne fur fedeli a Dio, ma per se foro.

With Dante Dostoevsky regards such a state of man's soul as the most corrupt of all. To choose the evil, as Peter Verhovensky does, is to be damned, but even that, to Dostoevsky, is dynamic: Dante likewise gave the wicked "glory" over the Trimmers. But to have, as Stavrogin did, an awareness of good and not to move towards it or even away from it exceeds every other moral aberration. He remains an abhorrent Laodicean.

And what is the state of Stavrogin's inner life, what *is* the lukewarm state? A swamp of self in which he is mired beyond escape. Again Dante is apposite: "ma per se foro"—the Trimmers were not for God or against him, but "were for themselves." Stavrogin is for himself, caught by his self. Because Stavrogin denies what the Grand Inquisitor calls man's "fearful burden of free choice," he loses the sweet air of the spirit, is left with only the self, and the self increasingly suffocates him until finally he cannot survive. For without the wise for God Dostoevsky found man unmotivated, abominably static, ahuman and dead. Stavrogin is bound, therefore, to disappear, as Shatov told him he would, "like rotten mildew," because he cannot attain to God. Never can the great words pass Stavrogin's lips: "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief!" Because, in his heart, he cannot bow down before Stephen Trofimovitch's—and Dostoevsky's—Great Idea:

The one essential condition of human existence is that man should always be able to bow down before something infinitely great . . . The Infinite and the Eternal are as essential for man as the little planet on which he dwells.

Dostoevsky insists over and over again that man, to be whole and alive, must choose to believe in his own immortality and in God's existence. Man must pledge himself, he must love. Otherwise, forsaking his spirit, he is left with only the self, and the self, like the bones and flesh, like States, is perishable. In fact the denial of spirit leads, in Dostoevsky's mind, to a kind of self-cannibalism—the self swallows up the whole being. Such is Stavrogin's fate, and upon him Dostoevsky passes a more terrible judgment than upon any other man or woman he ever created.

The pure in heart have what Stavrogin lacks. All the women in *The Possessed* are capable of love—and because they love, it does not matter that the one they love is Stavrogin. Amongst the men there is Stephen, a Quixote, something of the buffoon, something of the saint, but always the man searching for his truth. And there is Shatov. Dostoevsky creates him a grave and beautiful man, the one man caught in the terrible vortex of the novel who hungers for God. "Externally he was rough, but inwardly he had great delicacy." His murder is the price man pays for spawning villains like Peter, self-wills like Kirillov, and neuters like Stavrogin. And the most evil of these is Stavrogin. Against the mildew of Stavrogin's self the sweetness of the pure in heart prevails not. In Stavrogin's sin are they destroyed. Him Dostoevsky damns.

Fearful judgment though it be, western man stands in danger of it today. Suddenly a human being is worth nothing. Shatovs are murdered and man acquiesces in those

murders. Fatally suspended like Stavrogin, and confused by his own apathy, man permits what he abhors. Dostoevsky cannot lose his sense of individual man in the social mass, for he knows that, in the family and in the State, like sins produce like tragedies. Nor can we: the assassination of Roehm and the bombing of Warsaw are joined implacably together. To establish and sustain his spirit man must live and judge by it. We have need of a dedication like Dostoevsky's. We may despair, but as Stavrogin sensed, indignation and shame are available when despair is felt. Possessed of them we can free ourselves of our public and private devils, for both struggles have, as Dostoevsky knew, inevitably only one ground—man's individual spirit.

—Charles Olson

(Reprinted from TWICE A YEAR.)

1.

There are NATION cities in Europe, Asia. Paris riots and quells France, Peking is China's forebrain.

INTERNATION cities are crossroads ports, Mediterranean and Pacific.

HOLY cities have all died at least once. Kyoto, Lhasa, Jerusalem.

Sacred Aztec and Mayan cities await another life.

USA cities are simply leftovers.

Trading posts grew into detention camps for Europeans, prisons for Indian, African, Chinese and South American captives.

Ports of entry East and South. Servants got out after 7 years in Boston, Philadelphia. Plantation slaves were emancipated into life sentences in Richmond, Charleston, Atlanta. Italians and Jews built Brooklyn Bridge to escape Ellis Island and Lower East Side. Brooklyn is an escape?

Army forts and stockades became cities as the frontier moved west. Railroad stops expanded to pen the gangs that built them. Next factory towns thrown together for waves of Lithuanians, Czechs, Poles and finally blacks and poor whites from the South. Overflow.

West Coast is last rim; LA for surface-perfect fag American Nightmare, Frisco for outlaws. Pacific Northwest still holds open, a tough Switzerland.

Owners of USA cities took off to country manors. Town and Country Republic, myth of the Minuteman land. Grease mayors, contractors and cops were left as trustees to guard smoking ruins.

Did a freeway engineer ever dream of Persian carpets? Did he expect shining domes and minarets instead of asphalt roofs, TV antennae, ventilator scoops? Aren't architects aware that cheap glass cubes are exquisite machines for dulling human parts?

Engineers and architects raced out to suburbs with envious trustees hot behind them. REAL estate at last. Owners have just left for Spain.

USA cities are Earth's newest midden heaps. Garbage piles for rodent mystics reading roofstars. No single NATION city, no INTERNATIONAL city past the docks, no HOLY city known to any by Indians.

Occupants of USA cities will soon claim them and replace landlord myths with fireblood childrens' fantasies.

PROPERTY belongs to NATION belongs to WORLD. WORLD is to conquer and exploit. Listen to it - "World Empire", "New World", "World War I", "World War II". World view is a prison vision.

OUT OF THE WORLD AND ONTO THE PLANET!

Out of cities and onto planetedges.

Professors sucking brain candy leave behind incomplete blackboards full of the janitor's children.

Reverse a colored city map to see Planetedge. Here the parks are blond and black but the tenements are full of trees, BOTANICAL APARTMENTS.

Live oak walls, branched eaves. Breezes hover and slip past.

Swaying bedrooms.

Several families constructs walkways and platforms through a grove. Cooking around a single stone fireplace on the ground, broiling meat odors rise past suspended floors.

Tendriled shelves, herb closets.

A central waterfall. Showers at the top, laundry at the bottom.

Old-timers remember planting their houses.

3. BALLING BOWL

All dreams have hands. Mind is not a servant of body, body doesn't wait on mind.

Boneroads converge on the main pelvic BALLING BOWL in the center of PLANETEDGE.

Alabaster, 400 feet across, a slightly depressed oval.

Palm oil seeps from the rim.

Ski on your hands, figure-8 on your ass.

Ball in slow endless rolling dives.

Conglomerate statues of living erotic citizens gendering government daily. Wild radicals jostle in the center, tight-toed conservatives cling to the edge. Flesh politics.

Lost adages of labor and profit will someday re-appear as vampire stories.

On a slope of PLANETEDGE ending by the ocean, LAZYHOOD QUARTER.

Young lazyhood sidewalks heaped with fur pillows and musical instruments. A naked generation swims out to huge spherical floats orbiting a new universe in the water.

Awnings from rooftops on one side of the street to sidewalks on the other side shade conversational groups in half-dressed middle lazyhood. Dangling strings for hanging curious trophies and chalkboards for drawing caricatures. A conspicuous circle of cubicles with half-open curtains.

Balconies above the street for gossips in old lazyhood. Close enough to see everything but too far away to be heard.

5. THE MORELESS CHANGES

Earth an image of Universe, Universe an image of man. No new dread conspires in galactic ooze. Night gutstrung to Sun's gravitational sinew and visible thought of braincell stars waiting in human memory.

PLANETEDGE time is nowever. Technology has no place to go and evolves itself as an organism called the MORELESS CHANGES.

Empty rooms row tools for any imaginable workshop, walls pucker windows and tropistic ceilings fold up in light.

Saucer solar generators bubble into astronomical observatories.

Veins of tidal plumbing bulge along hallways.

All waste and junk is carried to MORELESS machines.

MORELESS machines generate all known products whenever desired.

Children hope something will happen to them.

Flowing HAIR PARKS rustle in the caves of PLANETEDGE
Cool groves of uncombed tangle.
Braided swings. Loose Tarzan on a bearded cliff.
Lunch in lattices of brushed light.
Hands and knees through pubic hedges, brunette gardens.

7. CRAWLING NEON

What are known as commercials will be called public toys.

Pyrotechnic CRAWLING NEON loose in PLANETEDGE at night.

Chains of glowing letters undulate in eerie processions.

A flashing green halo rolls beside you down the sidewalk.

An antique movie marque dripping pink and purple arrows into an historical yellow HOTDOG PALACE.

Collisions of names. Orange's O spins into your hand, the A from ASTOR runs past the corner,

Throbbing pools of anonymous fluorescence.

Abandoned shops' names re-arrange themselves in playful anagrams.

Obsolete telephone lines glisten with an acrobatic GREYHOUND sign performing blue white end-over-end roles.

Museum is a device for storing knowledge of the moon in a nerve vacuum.

Two enormous halls at opposite ends of PLANETEDGE'
DISINTEGRATING OPERA is a bivalve shell with a revolving circular stage. Performers assemble in outlandish costumes and sing one note. Music lovers immediately set off their own variations, turn the stage at top speed and sweep performers into the air in a bellowing stomp of pure joy lasting as long as a week.

ENTROPIC LIBRARY is a cylindrical tower, roofless to day shadows and night stars. Spectators line railed tiers of balconies to observe any author approach a single desk on the ground floor. Fans note fine points of crumpling pages, hunched spine, steady scribbling and sudden scrawls. Finished manuscripts are paraded around the ring while the writer picks out someone who can dig it (or ball him). The crowd applauds and rushes down to carry the two through PLANETEDGE. No duplicate copies are ever made.

9. MENTAL PET CATACOMBS

Psychological costumes can always be changed in bed. Mental pets tend to feed on new experiences until they are abandoned.

MENTAL PET CATACOMBS like ghostly zoos beneath the skin of PLANETEDGE.

Uncaged void-whistlers flash iridescent torn blue faces, mumble self-correcting puzzles to possible bodies.

Greedy brainwaves snarl in starved anticipation.

Red explosions of random passion illuminate mummies of regret,

Rows of hated anatomical parts search each other for desirable combinations.

By yourself here.

10. ANIMATED EXPRESS

Media is only synthetic transportation until telepathic voyagers begin accepting passengers.

PLANETEDGE transit is used to supplement sliding. ANIMATED EXPRESS has no regular stops and seldom slows down unless it gets tired.

A long rainbow snake curling over boneroads and slooping down roofs of botanical apartments.

Membrane couches lit through translucent scales, no windows. A slithering ride over distended bumps.

Backbone riders grip cold-blooded skin and roll easily through slippery turns.

Titanic hisses of the midnight special.

11. BONEROADS AND TRANSLUCENT LOBES

Living in, on and around PLANETEDGE generates an awareness of its special life in each person. People seldom ask, "Who is PLANETEDGE?"

BONEROADS in an airy matrix of loose nets rising from the skin. Some interstices are narrowly grooved for single sliding. Broad spans are double-grooved for two-way parades of tobogganing baskets, flying carpets, rolling barrels and ferris-wheeling hoops.

Sculptured sunlight streams across PLANETEDGE through TRANSLUCENT LOBES. Prisms throw radiant auroras into every quarter. Tilting masses of colored quartz refract unique beams and hues. Green sunset, purple morning.

SPEL AGAINST DEMONS

The release of Demonic Energies in the name of
the People
must cease

Messing with blood sacrifice in the name of
Nature
must cease

The stifling self-indulgence in anger in the name of
Freedom
must cease

this is death to clarity
death to compassion

the man who has the soul of the wolf
knows the self-restraint
of the wolf

aimless executions and slaughters
are not the work of wolves and eagles
but the work of hysterical sheep

The Demonic must be devoured!
Self-serving must be
cut down

Anger must be

plowed back

Fearlessness, humor, detachment, is power

Knowledge is the secret of Transformation!

Down with demonic killers who mouth revolutionary slogans and muddy the flow of change, may they be Bound by the Noose, and Instructed by the Diamond Sword of ACHALA the Immovable, Lord of Wisdom, Lord of Heat, who is squint-eyed and whose face is terrible with bare fangs, who wears on his crown a garland of severed heads, clad in a tiger skin, he who turns Wrath to Purified Accomplishment,

whose powers are of lava,

of magma, of deep rock strata, of gunpowder,

and the Sun.

He who saves tortured intelligent demons and filth-eating

hungry ghosts, his spel is,

NAMAH SAMANTAH VAJRANAM CHANDA MAHAROSHANA

SPHATAYA HUM TRAKA HAM MAM



110 DEATH OF THE ICE QUEEN

*The Egyptians called what we know as America
the 'Land of the Dead'.*

ICE QUEEN OF ICE
MOTHER OF MEN OF ICE
FROZEN EARTH
HOLLOW CORE

HE THE HOARY ONE
SITTING ATOP THE NORTH POLE
THE GOD OF ICE
SAW IT IN THE STARS
THROWING BOLTS OF LIGHTENING
CHURNING THE ATLANTIC MAD
CAUSING PEACEFUL SHIPS TO SINK AT ONCE
THE GOD OF ICE

MEAN WHILE

IN AMERICA SHE SKATES
ACROSS THE VALLEY OF THE SUN
COVERED WITH ICE
QUEEN OF THE ICE

THE WHITE BEARDED ONE IS THE FATHER OF TIME
HE WATCHES HER SILVER THIGHS
CHURN IN HER SHORT SKIRT
FUHERER THE ASTROLOGER
HANDLES HIS SLIDE RULE LIKE A PHALLUS
HE WHISPERS IN THE EAR OF THE HOARY ONE

aint she fine?
aint she divine?
she used to trick for Thor
but they wasn't much trade in the North
so she went west to hollywood

THE DECREE
THERE WILL BE ETERNAL ICE ALL OVER THE PLANET
HERE IN THE WEST SUNBATHING AND AFRO RHYTHMS ARE THE GREATEST THREAT
TO OUR WAY OF LIFE

DOCTOR CALIGARI RISES TO SPEAK

Dr. Caligari:

*The patterns of the Nibelungen are resumed
in Nazi pageantry*

APPLAUSE!

search for the hidden treasure
the grail containment of all wisdom
untold riches the Grimm brothers
initiate
the Golem of Rabbi Loew
returns to the womb

MEN OF THE STORM
BLOCKS OF ICE
THRU SNOW
HIGH STEPPING METHREDRINE BOOTS
ACROSS A CONTINENT

they walked across europe and kicked ass
they walked into Africa and kicked ass
They walked in to Russia
abandoned by the Ice god thru abundance of rationale
they were frozen to death
between the fires of the burning grain fields
and the american queen of ice

mutant extant
pure white race like ice
all four corners of the earth
requested by /Thor
request thunder
marching men frozen
marching men
frozen marching men
blocks of ice
they who believed in
the dictator of time
those who believed
the center of the earth frozen core
so likewise believed their women frozen and hollow
a super race of legend and lore
held together by frozen water
doctor frankenstein
and his family of golems ghouls and zombies
lost the war
and won the west

THE ICE QUEEN MEETS THE GRAND ORISHA/ SHOWDOWN IN LAND OF THE DEAD

*the boogie man of fire
dancing thru dark vectors
jericho jamming upfront blues
woogie boogie*

death of the ice queen
queen of ice
skating on top of ice bergs
across the top of the world
thule tide

her silver thighs gleam
twirling across plates of ice of silver
to be come
impaled upon the northern most pole

island rising out of the torrent sea
white and unscathed
... above the passions of common form
white mountain
stable and superior
moon

of the Hebrews

THOSE WHO BELIEVE IN THE ETERNAL ICE
 WOULD FREEZE THE WORLD TO PRESERVE HER
 THEY BELIEVE THEMSELVES TO BE PERFECTLY CORRECT
 THEY BELIEVED THEY KNEW WHAT HAD TO BE
 THEY BELIEVED THEY KNEW WHAT HAD TO BE DONE
 WHO BELIEVED THE EARTH COLD AND PRECISE
 WHO BELIEVED A GOD COLD AND PRECISE

the old man
hoary beard
made his bid
the ice was his friend
would not do him wrong
he checked the blue dog stars
then tried to fuck fire
with a frozen dick

1969-1970

build dynasties build dynasties

be

real revolutionaries

be

real revolutionaries

build dynasties

squadroons of blood

blood squads

over mountain over bay

community real

clan squads

blood wands

over small models of the planet

may as well be the whole thing

where you at

be real revolutionary

build dynasty

build thy nasty beast on de totem

a beast of and other planes

ether eddy swerm

bomb beyond time

NoonTide in Harlem

p.s. 186

school on the hill of the palisade glacier mountain

school is out

indian sky heavenly blue

long legged black children leap from the gate

for some hamburger hot dog orange soda pop or grape

a delicate sense in the circle

wish they could eat pot roast or barbecue

in the lucky dime luncheonette.

below the heart stretches to the circle

what the mind would call detachment

a delicate sense of melancholy mixed

the children run across the streets

the cars have feelings too

it was a sweet thing

a sweet thing

a sweet thing

souls rising at sunrise

coming up like that

he stood and watched it

it could not be stopped

put a nickel on harlem politics

the ethics of duress

what number would that be

according to the book of T.

let the big drums roll

speak of panic in the heart

can drink enough

cause its coming fast and hot

can sleep

cause its coming

running around with scorpius

coming so hard

straight jump

up and rightwind

Song of Devotion To The Forest

after the pygmies of the Ituri Forest

this land is my block and my people
we spring from you and we return
and it is to you i sing devotion
you are the source of my life
without you i could not exist
when things go wrong
(and sometimes like now it seems so many
things
go wrong)it is not because I believe in an evil
an evil that could match the power of you
it is simply because at this moment you are asleep—
awake
you would never allow this to happen

sometimes i sing to awaken you
sometimes i sing because i am glad you are awake
sometimes i sing to make sure you stay awake
we people this part of you your domain
we live within the forest
we love to sing
especially when you sing with us

—David Henderson

I

in limbo they play ballads
she says

& i am getting to believe her
for i have walked with them
slept in their grey shade & climbed
among mountains half-carved in demons
half-wrought in song

their deaths tho i cannot pursue
nor can i wait any longer
among my own
in this chill silence

there is no other way
but to give body to thought
and youth-flesh to its own urgent history

the doors are open
& my fingers graze upon its smooth bone edge

they tell me that the animal is fierce
deeper & more ancient than the ghosts we've praised

they say that the jungle is something more
than a dim geography

i hear her sound & go
silent as the sand
following a corridor
to its furthest end

only the fog and a far-off river
come to kiss me now

II

in limbo

she says

they play ballads

but ah how can i sing to her

i who inhabit no land

who cannot remember

where it was

i first saw her rising

enclos'd by wing'd flutes

& the fresh flames of dawn

to her i can only give

this bone that lies solid

& silent beneath youth-flesh

that waits wrappt

in the eternal confusions of desire

i give

my marrow whose true survival

is unmarred by any age

or dialect

o gods if she would take this

my shy song

i pray you to bless her & lead her

thru the melodies

of her own trific land

bring her to that world

where touch is as true

as a rustling waking dove

III

she says in limbo
they play ballads

they are thrown back
thrown & hit upon harsh waves
shattered on the bony maw of rock
the fire is strong & tears
thru the side of the mountain

three brothers

three sisters

mother father
family alone unseen
& in succession dance
one round
& round another

the abyss is not beyond
for this is the place we've sought

in her heart all space dances
the ghosts have risen

they laugh
& open the chant

there is

no more time for lyric
the blood is sweet
& dark

some say
sufficient

IV

in limbo they play ballads
she says & on earth
the false singer claims mastery

o the lovers have fled
& darkness issues
from the emptiest corners of space

it is time for her to pass thru the worlds
knowing that the three becomes the seven
and she stands upon the fourth

war drum beats
bugger Indra climbs his chariot
again comes the ignorant flow
of man blood

o song
o furious divinity of forest & dark-world
she does not forget you
already she lights the sacrificial fires

she stops the run & begins
the round
the dance
of righteousness

V

in limbo
they play
ballads
she says for she has seen them
lost singers wandering
across continents no longer their own
& she has sensed the nature
of that evil voltage
which long ago stole their lives

she follows the coin toss
the angle of familiar cards
her piety is ancient
& invisible

it is
the cause of all
her movement

VI

they play
she says
they play

ballads

she says
in limbo

they move
above the long rows of bodies
burning by the riverbank

they wait
by the black animal smoke
hanging in the still-dark air

mist rises
in the dark trees in the dark ground
where we've slept whispering
dreams obtaining
the vision

the sunrise

wake
pale bright air & fires
red glow black smoke

wash

this flesh in cold swift water
downstream

VII

in limbo
 they play
ballads she says
there is nothing
easier to forget
songs whose names
you have always remembered
songs who come back
slowly
they are older than cross
or wheel
 purification
of savages
the only entry
 O Grandfather!

VIII

the ballads
she says they play
the ballads in limbo
they sing
as the world grows dark
& shadows are the broken line
the trees are in a grey light
she walks
on a long reavelled road
& i am waiting for her somewhere
in a house
there is a fire there they sing
there is a place
where the sun is not
gone so long

IX

in limbo
you know
they sing ballads
she says

how else could we
have begun now that we have come
so close to the end

no don't turn
back not into those
fires
history is a fancy lie
we've got to get out
of here
& have no time
to waste

must find
have a quiet place
where the singing is started
where the dances near
perfection

X

these are the ballads
they play in limbo
songs without change either
it rains or it doesn't
the lovers enact their
endless sorrow
the evil kinds get their pearls

this is just how
it has always been
how it happens every time
we are born

—Grant Fisher

PRAYER TO THE MOTHERS

they say you lurk here still, perhaps
in the depths of the earth or on
some sacred mountain, they say
you walk (still) among men, writing signs
in the air, in the sand, warning warning weaving
the crooked shape of our deliverance, anxious
not hasty. Careful. You step among cups, step out of
crystal, heal with the holy glow of your
dark eyes, they say you unveil
a green face in the jungle, wear blue
in the snows, attend on
births, dance on our dead, croon, fuck, embrace
our weariness, you lurk here still, mutter
in caves, warn, warn and weave
warp of our hope, link hands against
the evil in the stars, o rain
poison upon us, acid which eats clean
wake us like children from a nightmare, give the slip
to the devourers whom I cannot name
the metal men who walk
on all our substance, crushing flesh
to swamp

—Diane di Prima
New Years Day, 1971

In the portraits he sits cross-legged on a mat,
 fierce eyes glaring from under shaggy brows,
 and his right fist clenched in his lap
 (always reminding me of Jersey Joe Walcott,
 how he would catch them coming in, the young eager ones,
 with that stiff right).

Rinzai, the old giant-killer—came up the hard way:
 hung around Vulture Peak for years
 and every time he opened his mouth to ask a question,
 Huang-Po hit him again;

ran off finally to Ta-yu, who said,
 "Don't cry on my shoulder, boy;
 git on back where you belong and be grateful
 for Huang's grandmotherly kindness!"

It is said that these words enlightened Rinzai
 and he walked all the way back to Vulture Peak
 and punched Huang-Po in the nose, saying:
 "Your Buddhism ain't so much after all, you old buzzard!"

So when Huang died Rinzai sat in his place
 and he was a holy terror, catching them coming in,
 the young eager ones, with that sledgehammer right.

They were a hard and desperate bunch,
 real mountainmen, half horse and half alligator,
 hanging by their toes from foggy cliffs,
 yodelling obscenities across the river gorges.
 Live up there long enough, wild garlic for breakfast and
 tiger tracks in the back yard,
 and you just naturally get disrespectful
 —the Emperor Tai Chung came up one year,
 travelling light and hiking twenty days to get there;
 asked some innocent question and Huang-Po
 slapped him twice and ran the Son of Heaven clear off the mountain.
 Or as Rinzai said to the monks,
 "If you want to make it, kill anyone who gets in your way!
 If you encounter the Buddha, slay him;
 if you encounter the Patriarch, slay him;
 if you encounter the Arhat or the parent or the relative,
 slay them all without hesitation: that's the only way.
 I tell you, no Buddhas, no holy teachings, no discipling, no testifying.
 What do you seek in a neighbor's house?
 Why put another head above your own?
 You're all crazy biting into every pile of shit in your path!
 I tell you, don't get hung up on anything,
 but stand above, pass on, and be free."
 Rinzai, the old giant-killer, the old hatchet man!

It's a long way to Rinzai's roost—
the gorges are steep, the trails are choked with bramble bushes,
broken-down bridges over roaring mountain creeks,
bitter cold at night and the air thin, like a knife at your windpipe;
You pack gets heavy so you're dropping things all along the way;
if you make it at all, you'll be empty-handed,
big blisters on your heels and skinned knees.
When you get there, don't be surprised if he sets the dogs on you.
This is the last frontier, boy,
too steep for horses and a thousand miles from the nearest Sunday school;
nobody comes out here unless he's crazy or wanted for murder;
This is the last frontier, boy:
think twice before you start
and never say I didn't warn you.

—John Thomas

misc. page

The East Side Scene (o.p., & originally published by the University Press at Buffalo) - an anthology of New York's Lower East Side in the early sixties - will be released Fall 1971 as a Doubleday/Anchor Book paperback.

Intrepid 21 - COSMEP Conference Issue - special issue of COSMEP (Conference of Small Magazine Editors and Publishers) poets/editors who attended 1970 SUNYAB Conference - due Fall 1971.

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